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LLOYD GEORGE has gone home after a speaking trip through Canada and the United States which was more valuable than seemed likely. Lloyd George, as much as any other one man, must bear the responsibility of the withering Treaty of Versailles and of that post-war diplomacy of hate and blindness that has brought Europe to the verge of disruption. There is no reason to be sure that if allowed a free hand today he would prove very different. But as the preacher of an evangel of more realism and more reason in the effort to save Europe his speaking tour was most notable. Americans listened politely to Clemenceau's defense of French aggression; but, except to a limited degree, they did not accept it. To Lloyd George they listened enthusiastically, and they seemed to believe. What will be the eventual effect on public sentiment and government policy is another question, not easy to discern.

WHY not do by Mexico as we have done by Canada? For more than a century the United States and the Dominion have lived at peace under an agreement whereby the entire boundary is free of forts or garrisons, of bristling armament or clanking swords. During this period there have been many sharp disputes between the two governments; there will be more. But with each year the possibility of war with Canada grows more remote, the idea less thinkable. An unfortified border has been a psychological influence toward peace between the United States and Canada, just as it is between two States of our Union. Bishop Wilbur P. Thirkield of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose field includes Mexico, Central America, Panama, and Peru, proposes that we apply to the Mexican border the same doctrine of common sense and good-will that has been so signally successful in the case of Canada; he suggests that we dismantle the twelve forts along the border, with their 8,350 soldiers and 450 officers, substituting for them an organization of boundary police. Bishop Thirkield's suggestion is a splendid and practical one. Mexico, which has just been reducing its military forces to the extent at least of dropping 180 generals, would undoubtedly cooperate in demilitarizing her northern boundary. We commend the suggestion to progressive civic bodies. Disarmament of the border between Mexico and the United States would do more for mutual friendship than a dozen treaties, or a million after-dinner speeches on "cordial relations with our southern neighbor."

ROBERT LANSING approves of Mr. Hughes's "exchange of formal diplomatic notes" promising a New York banking firm certain assistance in connection with its $6,000,000 loan to the Republic of Salvador. Indeed, Mr. Lansing is almost dithyrambic in praise of Mr. Hughes's work on that loan. "Such a forward-looking step," he calls it in an interview printed in the New York *Times*, "so fine a demonstration of the mutual confidence between the two countries." It could never have been consummated, he says, "had not both governments acted in the greatest good faith and with the utmost spirit of cooperation." The good old *Times*, in printing this little blurb, to use the advertising phrase, for Mr. Hughes's and Messrs. F. J. Lisman and Co.'s Salvador loan, refers to Mr. Lansing as "Secretary of State under Mr. Wilson." Curiously enough, in the literature of the loan put out by the bankers, we find mention of him in quite another capacity. We find noted as counsel for F. J. Lisman and Co. "Robert Lansing and Lester H. Woolsey, Washington, D. C."

THE Argentine Chamber of Deputies has just voted an appropriation of $100,000,000 for military purposes, accompanying this rather silly vote with a very sensible resolution requesting the government to undertake friendly negotiations with Brazil in the hope of reaching an early agreement to stop the armament race between the two countries. They might at the same time have suggested that negotiations be undertaken with Mr. Hughes in the hope of persuading him to recall the diplomatic mission of American naval officers which is building up the Brazilian navy. This is the root of the trouble, and Mr. Hughes could stop it. The Brazilian craze for armament, which Mr. Hughes aids and abets, was the rock on which the generous hopes of the Santiago Conference were shattered. Armament rivalry is

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always silly, but the Argentine response is somewhat less silly than the Brazilian provocation. Mr. Hughes is a fervent believer in international agreements to limit armaments; why does he not recall Admiral Vogelsang's mission and thereby promote such a limitation in South America? He might even suggest a general agreement to call in no foreign military or naval missions of any kind.

OLD King Coal continues to be a topic of conversation and of thought among his subjects, the consumers. In spite of the brief strike of the anthracite miners, there is said to be a plentiful supply of hard coal on hand, but the short interruption and the slight advance in wages to the miners are being used as excuses by dealers to juggle with prices and by landlords as reasons for failure properly to heat their houses. In New York City a report to the United States District Attorney says that dealers are profiting through buying wholesale by the long ton of 2,240 pounds and selling to the public by the short ton of 2,000 pounds. The Coal Commission, on the other hand, relieves retailers, at least relatively, of the charge of profiteering, scoring this evil almost exclusively against the wholesalers. Of these there are too many, coal being sold among wholesalers two, three, and even four times. Reports to the commission indicate that during the last decade, except in 1921, wholesalers' net profits have every year amounted to more than 15 per cent on the investment and to more than 18 per cent on the proprietor's equity. In the banner year of 1920 reports from 333 wholesalers showed net profits of 55 per cent on investment and 66 per cent on proprietor's equity. Meanwhile cooperative movements are doing something for the consumer. The recently organized Cleveland Cooperative Coal Company hopes to save its members $5 a ton on their fuel.

SECRETARY HOOVER has some excellent ideas, from an engineering standpoint, for the development of superpower, but from the standpoint of the welfare of the public his conception is characteristically shortsighted. In speaking recently before the chairmen of the public-service commissions of eleven States, the Secretary of Commerce showed how New England and the Middle States might get together in developing water power to an extent which would effect an annual saving of 50,000,000 tons of coal and $500,000,000 in money at an investment of about $1,250,000,000. To do this, Mr. Hoover pointed out, the States concerned would have to agree on certain uniform regulations and would have to permit unrestricted transmission of power across their boundaries. So far, so good. But Mr. Hoover's idea is to turn these vast power possibilities over to private companies for exploitation. Why so? Why save $500,000,000 a year merely to distribute it as dividends among stockholders in public-utility corporations? The province of Ontario has done better. As we pointed out in an editorial in our issue of October 3, its publicly operated system is furnishing 600,000 horse-power at cost to 369 Canadian towns, and has cut the bills of consumers of electricity by one-half and two-thirds.

THIS limitation of immigration is a curious and difficult job. A number of the commentators on Charles P. Steinmetz have noted that he would be denied entrance to the United States under existing law. An unexpected effect of the new 3-per-cent-quota law is now in evidence. That law was designed to reduce immigration from the Mediterranean countries without cutting off the flow from Northern Europe, which parochial American opinion still persists in regarding as a superior stock. For the first two years of its operation the law did work in that way, but the first four months of the present fiscal year reveal a marked change. The British quota of 77,342 for the year 1923-24—the largest allotted to any nation—was more than exhausted with the November arrivals, and some 2,000 excess immigrants were allowed to land by a special ruling of the Secretary of Labor which possibly would not have been made but for the fact that most of them arrived on the Leviathan of the United States Lines. Exact compliance with the law might have made it necessary for the Government to fine itself about $400,000. At this writing figures in regard to the November arrivals from other countries are not available, but the outlook is that the 1923-24 quota for Belgium, Holland, Sweden, and Switzerland is about or entirely exhausted, while that for Denmark, France, and Norway will be used up before Christmas. Thus we are cutting off so-called "desirable immigration" as well as "undesirable."

WHEN the United States Steel Corporation declared an extra dividend the other day it admitted that Judge Gary's complaints of the high cost of the eight-hour day and the difficulty of obtaining adequate labor were mere steel-trust propaganda, without relation to the facts. The steel trust is now putting the eight-hour day into effect; business is not exceptionally good, yet it slices a five-million dollar melon. The most favorable inference is that Judge Gary did not know the facts about his own business, but had a sort of mossback conviction that any change must be bad. It is well to remember this; the American people have a sort of blind faith in the superhuman wisdom of their business executives. When a railroad president says that this or that is impossible, most people think that he must know what he is talking about, whereas in fact he may be just another Judge Gary. When the American Federation of Labor appropriated a few thousand dollars for the organization of the steel workers, the steel trust, theretofore recalcitrant, suddenly discovered that it was technically possible to abolish the twelve-hour day, and nevertheless finds profits so big as to justify an extra dividend.

NATURALLY the end of the twelve-hour day takes one issue away from the union organizer. But there is an even more serious obstacle to the unionization of the steel workers, and that is the color line drawn by many labor unions. The colored man has acquired a conviction that a drive to organize an industry in which many of his race work is likely to be a drive to force him out. The *Crisis* publishes a circular issued by the Indiana Foundry Company of Muncie, Indiana, which has imported Negro workers to replace white strikers. This company says:

> Our shop is operated on the open-shop basis. The majority of our skilled workers, the molders, are colored men, who have been taken into our plant as inexperienced men and taught all they know about work. The molders' union has never permitted a colored man to mold in our city and is attempting to stop us from adopting this policy now. There are four shops in our city that are closed to all but union molders and three shops like our own that are open to any workman. Ours, however, is the only local foundry that has ever attempted to employ colored men on skilled work. . . . The union demands that we

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take every colored man that we have off of skilled work, replace them with white men, and have these white men work under union jurisdiction.

The Nation believes in union organization because it believes in democracy in our industry, and sees in union labor organizations the greatest hope of achieving it. But when a union deliberately bars from membership a whole group of workers it abolishes its own excuse for existence. We are well aware that "open shop" is a pretty name for non-union shops and realize that the foundry's devotion to the Negro is merely devotion to cheap labor. Nevertheless in such a case—if the facts as represented are correct—our sympathy goes to the open-shoppers. We hope they establish the right of the Negro to work.

AND while we are taking to task molders we may as well include the journeymen barbers, who have refused to open their ranks to women, and the American Federation of Labor itself, which has declined to grant a separate charter to the organized women barbers of the country. Let us warn them, in the language of their profession, that they are cutting off their noses to spite their faces. The women have plenty of weapons at hand and may easily decide to cut up—skilled barbers though they be. In fact, if they take our advice they will begin at once to slash their prices with a merciless blade and to undercut their male competitors until they shout for help. The president of the journeymen barbers says that women do not know how to wield a razor or push a clipper. This, of course, is bosh. Women were never kept out of any trade organization for lack of ability; quite the opposite. They are kept out only when they are looked upon as dangerous and intruding competitors. Their remedy is to make themselves a little more dangerous outside than in.

A THICK, sticky fog—the ancient enemy of fishermen—drifted between the schooner Bluenose and the race committee at Halifax, so that Captain Angus Walters quite lost his way and headed for home when he ought to have remained and finished the races with the Columbia for the cup. But nobody should take the incident too much to heart, nor fear that this flurry of bad weather will injure the future of what is at once the most professional and the most amateur of sailing contests—the most professional because the participants are bona fide fishermen and fishing vessels; the most amateur because this competition, like all of the best sport, is not an end in itself but a bit of play at the close of a hard day's work. Captain Ben Pine of the Columbia saved the situation by his fine sportsmanship in refusing the technical victory he might have had by sailing the course alone; and Captain Walters is sorry already for his display of pique. It should not be laid against him. His life is among realities, not regulations. His years on the fishing banks have given him in a high degree independence, contempt for public opinion, and obstinacy. These qualities unfit a man for modern gregarious society, but they are the essence of our pioneer Americanism and not met with in such excess today that we need shed any tears at their occasional appearance.

TO sit at one's desk with the radiator whistling in one's ear and to read along with other cabled and wireless dispatches in the paper a story sent direct from a schooner locked in the ice of Smith Sound seven hundred-odd miles from the North Pole and in the darkness of the Arctic winter—this is to experience an authentic modern thrill. The sun is gone for the season, we learn; the bear and caribou hunting is not very good, but Captain MacMillan, leader of the latest polar expedition, asks us to imagine the party seated around the fire eating a tasty fox pie. There is a motion-picture machine on board and the Eskimos from shore come out over the ice to see the films and to hear the nightly radio concerts. Is this romance or is it the end of romance? We hardly know; but we know that some chord is stirred in us at the mere thought of that handful of ice-locked humans on the bleak top of the world listening in on the stock market reports from WGY, Schenectady, while the winds from the Pole rattle the rigging and ice thickens around the ship.

THE League of Composers is beginning its second season with redoubled energy and excellent plans. What is so important about this undertaking is primarily neither the exact programs of its three subscription concerts nor the contents of its magazine bulletin. It is the spirit of creative cooperation with the art of music that makes the work of the league invaluable. Here, as in literature, there is a striving after new moods and forms. But the works that embody these find it almost impossible to get a hearing. Neither the average critic nor the average conductor stops to remember that the later works of Beethoven were once thought unintelligible and all of Wagner both cacophonous and immoral. At its first concert of the season the league will present a new quintet by Ernest Bloch; it will introduce a young English composer, Arthur Bliss; it will play Stravinsky and Roussel. Harold Bauer and the Lenox Quartet are giving their services.

"WE have the dead, and America wants them," wrote Mr. J. C. Squire to the *Manchester Guardian*. He felt, he added, that an opportunity was being neglected:

> It is quite conceivable "that a commodity so eagerly sought would fetch as much as an old master. . . . Any guess at what a really determined American would offer for Sir Walter Raleigh must be wild, but six figures seems to me a moderate estimate. . . . I honestly believe that for the single body of Shakespeare we might secure the cancelation of the entire American debt.

So he suggested the formation of a company, to be given a national monopoly, to exploit the dead. The next day the *Guardian* printed the following letter:

> SIR: Can you put me into communication with one Mr. J. C. Squire who announced in a recent issue of your paper that he is forming the Posthumous Exploitations Company, Ltd., for the purpose of selling the illustrious dead of England to America? I am a self-made American business man with a great many millions but with no ancestors—to speak of. I should like some ancestors—to speak of. I will pay Mr. Squire any sum within reason for a Crusader, so that he be Norman and Warranted Entire. I should reinter him with appropriate ceremonies on the part of the Ku Klux Klan on my oil lands near Oklahoma City.
>
> DONALD R. P. MARQUIS

And the next morning the colyumist, who had meanwhile swathed his left foot in gouty bandages, was besieged by British antique dealers, to whom he explained his theory that the Oglethorpe incident was but a trick by Egyptian-Americans to get back at the British for unearthing Tut-Ankh-Amen.

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America in the Fog

THE vagaries of Washington policy are difficult to chart. When we wrote our editorial, Much Ado About Nothing, last week, Washington was still insisting that Poincaré had really accepted its proposal. On the day following Senator McCormick's classical challenge to the "lotus-eaters" in the State Department we were still informed that the French reply "in the opinion of Secretary Hughes constitutes an agreeable acceptance."

Suddenly the wind veered and the temperature dropped. The Government, after a week of blithe optimism, discovered that it was "quite useless to undertake an inquiry if the commission is to be so restricted in advance that its efforts are likely to prove abortive"; and it also discovered that Poincaré's limitations constituted such a restriction. What had happened? Did Senator McCormick's speech frighten it, or Hiram Johnson's common-sense statement that the Government already had a hotel-full of experts in Paris, who either did not know what Germany could pay, in which case they should be recalled, or did know, in which case they ought to tell? Or had administration officials really failed to read Poincaré's notes and speeches? It is a mystery which we cannot solve.

This we do know: it is useless to expect effective diplomatic aid from Mr. Hughes. Poincaré insists that the conference shall not discuss limitation of the German debt, and Mr. Hughes finally, quite rightly, has protested. But Mr. Hughes had already insisted that the conference must not treat of France's debt to us, and that is to be as blind as M. Poincaré. A conference which is to be of use to Europe must have its hands free, and be in a position to discuss any influence which may bear upon Europe's restoration. Mr. Hughes set the first limitation when he barred discussion of the Allied debts to us.

Mr. Hughes had to make his limitation. Congress had tied his hands. Congress suspects him and will not trust him. Congress knows very well that Mr. Hughes was and is at heart for the League of Nations, for what it calls entangling political alliances; and it suspects that any halfway step he may take toward Europe looks toward that end. Yet the plain fact is that we cannot help Europe by mere gestures, and that the one strong card which we hold is precisely those inter-Allied debts. M. Loucheur has told us quite frankly that France will never pay them. That is probably true, but they still constitute a card if we will play it. The debt of France to us is as unreal as the major part of the German debt to France, but Poincaré has shown us that even an impossible debt may be trumps in the hand of a good player.

Meanwhile, with Congress too suspicious of Mr. Hughes to let him play our cards, the United States is, diplomatically speaking, negligible. Despite all the hullabaloo about our supposed return to Europe, we cannot, so long as Mr. Hughes is at the helm, play an effective political part.

There remains relief. We have given much and we are tired of giving. But the need grows ever greater, and we alone can meet it. Misery is increasing in Germany, and the formation of a national committee for German relief, headed by General Henry T. Allen, and distributing through the Quakers, marks the real American statesmanship of the day. Its address is 19 West 44th Street, New York City. We urge our readers to help it.

Poincaré's Bargain

WHY should Poincaré be disturbed by the storms and cloudbursts of trans-Channel or trans-Atlantic opinion? Krupp and Stinnes are making terms with him, and who are Coolidge and Baldwin, Mussolini and Jaspar, or even Stresemann and the workers of Germany, compared to these men grown fat on ruin? These are the lords of Germany, the organizers of industry, the owners of coal, coke, and iron ore; and if they bow the knee to the blue-coated soldiers of France, what does the diplomatic disapprobation of the rest of the world mean to the victor? So, at least, it must seem to Poincaré. If his prophecy of victory in May has proved a most egregious and costly error, at least he has saved his face and held his office while other statesmen and prophets have wandered into oblivion. And in the end, Krupp and Stinnes have yielded to him.

The agreement, as reported, is an extraordinary document. The German Government has declared its inability to pay further reparations; Krupp and Stinnes take the burden upon their own shoulders, confident, apparently, that they can pass it on to the German workers, even if the Government could not. They agree to pay back instalments of the coal tax, and a tax on all coal mined in future; to deliver coal and coke according to the schedule in force in 1921; to supply the French railway system in the Rhineland and the Ruhr and all the Franco-Belgian services with such coal as they need, "without any consideration of payment and against simple requisition slips"; and to "accept the jurisdiction of the Franco-Belgian Industrial Control Commission on all matters of Ruhr industry."

With this agreement goes a contract for the ten-hour day. Before the French invasion Stinnes and his fellow-industrialists sought in vain to impose the ten-hour day upon the German workmen. Now, broken and beaten by the long resistance, the workers have to accept from Stinnes, allied with French bayonets, what they refused before the iron-masters had bartered away their national independence.

The completeness of the surrender is overwhelming. It is the more amazing because Stinnes has hitherto been the backbone of those who resisted payment of reparations by Germany. He, as much as any man in Germany, has obstructed the "policy of fulfilment"; he, more, probably, than any other one man in the world, has profited by the debacle of his fatherland, making millions by gambling in paper marks while his compatriots were being ruined; he, by his domination of the press of Germany, has fed the fires of hate of France and has encouraged the spirit which breaks out in petty putsches and riots. Yet today he makes terms with Poincaré. Doubtless there is more behind the agreement than appears in the dispatches. Behind it, probably, is a Franco-German industrial agreement which means political subserviency to France for the Ruhr and the Rhineland, but which also means production, and markets, and profits for Stinnes. It means that his pocket-nerve is stronger than his patriotism.

No wonder Poincaré was willing to let the Independent Rhineland movement, which he had fostered, go still-born. Stinnes in harness means more to him. He is as confident as were the Germans after Brest-Litovsk. But, like them, he is mad. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they do grind. A bargain that will involve the reprobation of the world, that depends upon the continued weakness of Ger-

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man labor and upon the continued dominant power of a few individuals, is only a temporary solution. Its success depends upon the assumption that German workingmen will remain doubly slaves: slaves to Stinnes and slaves to France. In the long run such a bargain, like Brest-Litovsk, is likely to cost a thousand times its immediate gain. Poincaré might well reflect upon the apparent German position early in 1918; his own today is no stronger.

Labor and Its Money

NO workers' movement of recent years has had the spectacular and galloping growth of labor banking. Even workers' education, which probably comes next in rate of progress, does not match it quantitatively or qualitatively. For several years the idea that labor should control its own money and credit was a pretty theory—the subject of considerable pious discussion. But in realization the thought just simmered. It was not until November 1 three years ago that labor established its first commercial bank: that of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in Cleveland. Six months earlier the International Association of Machinists had opened the Mount Vernon Savings Bank in Washington, but the functions and scope of a savings bank are so different that such an institution is hardly to be reckoned in the same category. It belongs more properly along with building and savings societies, of which various groups of workers have had successful organizations for many years. Even after the organization of the Brotherhood's bank in Cleveland, it stood virtually alone for more than a year. Then the pot which had been simmering so long suddenly seethed and boiled over. The development of labor banking in the last year and a half has been phenomenal not merely in extent but because it has occurred in a period of assaults upon the union shop, of efforts toward lower wages, and of considerable unemployment—a time, in fact, when workers generally were still victims of the backwash of post-war business depression and of reactionary public opinion.

Yet see what has happened! At the convention of the American Federation of Labor just ended in Portland, Oregon, the executive council reported twenty-three labor banks actually doing business or about ready for it, and some twenty more in course of organization. The labor banks actually opened have total resources of nearly fifty million dollars and include institutions in every section of the country—from New York City to San Bernardino, California, from Minneapolis and Chicago to Birmingham, Alabama, and Tucson, Arizona.

It is curious, too, that the development of labor banking in America has seen no similar growth in England, where trade unionism is in most other respects far stronger and more progressive. This is perhaps due to the greater inflexibility of British business life, but as English leaders are now calling for the entrance of labor into banking, the movement will probably not be long delayed. It is worth while to note, also, that the growth of labor banking in America has been accomplished against the indifference, if not the hostility, of the old-line leadership. At the 1921 convention of the American Federation of Labor the executive council gave a warning against labor banking. The organizations most influential in laying the foundations of the new movement are the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the International Association of Machinists, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and the International Ladies' Garment Workers. Two of these unions—the second and the last—are affiliated, it is true, with the A. F. of L., but all belong to the progressive wing of the American labor movement and are tolerated rather than liked by the Gompers machine. Opposition to labor banking by the old-line leaders is probably less due to the idea itself than to a sense that the movement is outside of their peculiar abilities—likely to carry power away from the walking-delegate type of men and into the hands of more constructive and better trained persons. Still, the old-school leaders evidently recognize that they must fall in line, proof of which is found in the establishment of the Federation Bank in New York by the Gompers group in New York labor and the announcement that John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, is to become the head of a new labor bank in Indianapolis.

There has been much speculation lately in regard to the tendencies and influence of labor banking. In opposition to the views of its sponsors that labor banking means the gradual control by labor of capital, there are some who see, instead, the eventual submersion of the interests and ideals of the workers in those of business. Again, certain social students who look forward to eventual control of credit and banking by government, think that labor banking will hold back such a movement. We confess that both these bases of opposition seem far fetched and of nothing but academic interest in any event. The future course of labor and of government is going to be influenced by a thousand other considerations. Labor banks will at most be only a factor and possibly merely an incident in the course of progress.

What seems of paramount importance at the moment is that labor by going into banking can, on the one hand, give banking facilities to numerous groups now deprived of them and, on the other, save to itself enormous amounts that are now exhausted in extravagant profits. Can any sincere friend of labor urge that it should not save or absorb this drain on its earnings? Allowing for inefficiency and actual graft—there will be instances of both all too soon in labor banking—is there any reason to suppose that labor's money cannot be more effectively handled by its friends than by those who, in general, are only its exploiters?

Men, Women, and Books

IT is easy to generalize, and being easy we like it. Consequently we have spent a pleasant week-end in making a couple of generalizations. One of them is this: *Men writers of novels, being interested only in women, spend a wholly disproportionate amount of time discussing and speculating on the subject of women.* And the other is this: *Women writers of novels, being interested only in themselves, do exactly the same thing.*

The result is rather depressing, and there seems to be no hope for a change until women scramble into a more comfortable and sun-warmed spot in the civilization of the world, and forget their troubles, and begin writing books about beautiful, aspiring, puzzling young men. Certainly in almost all the recent novels that have dealt with the relations of men and women, it is the women about whom the

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theme and the problem and the difficulties have revolved. This has been true even when the chief character is a man; his problems and larger problems such as Puritan culture, sex impulses, personal freedom have all been bound up in the character and attitudes of some woman.

But here, we suspect, generalizing must cease; because here the pattern of the modern novel breaks up. It breaks up into the uncounted needs and interests of the men and women who write. The man writer makes an image of the woman he has not found; the woman writer of the woman she would be. And all the writers tell divergent and usually painful stories about marriage. A recent novel describes the love of a girl for a man who has nothing to offer her but physical charm. The girl wants him even though he has no brains; presently and inevitably she grows bored with him, but still he is her husband and the attraction that made her seek him out and win him persists strongly enough to hold her to him. We suspect that all through the book a desire for verity warred with sheer perversity in the author's mind and that his commentary on marriage and women and love is a little shadowed by the pleasure he took in making his girl the opposite of all the heroines he has hated. But the commentary on marriage is there none the less, and a picture of the rather dusty fate that must assail a matching of unequals.

Another novel appearing at almost the same moment insists that marriages must crumble unless a tender inequality be their base. On the part of the woman: childlike trust, maternal care, admiration, gentle stupidity, enough passion. On the part of the man: protective strength, and plenty of time and peace of mind to seek his larger destiny. There is nothing brutal in this egoism, nothing domineering or arrogant. It is simply the expression of a childlike need for reassurance and admiration in a world too large, too hard to impress. If there is not one person to whom a man may feel sure of appearing greater than he is, greater than he knows himself to be, how can he face the emptiness of eternity and the long way that leads toward it? What he wants is a lesser self that can be counted upon to speak up and defend him in the face of his own doubts. And he needs this rather tiresome reassurance more than he needs beauty or humor or color or excitement.

These two books show clearly the pattern and its variations. Both deny the validity of any moral code which binds men and women to an empty contract; both repudiate the assumption of unity where only difference is real. But where one author insists that his woman sink her identity to make that unity a fact, the other laughs at the idea that unity is either possible or desirable.

Well, take your choice. There are all sorts of books to read, every sort of woman to pin your hope to, every sort of relationship to be found. Moral standards are crumbling here and hardening there, and only those minds are to be pitied that find no interest in the flux and surge of impulses and ideas. Women, especially, are not to be pitied, for theirs is the central role in this modern drama. The future of personal relationships seems to be in their hands. In the free air of easy equality and companionship they may discover varieties of pleasure and intimacy that were not known in the world before. If anyone is to be looked upon with compassion it is those men who still reach out hopefully for that little dole of reverence needed to keep their complacency alive. Day by day it grows harder to find—even in books.

Bonar Law

IF Lloyd George had been able to hold out a few months longer, Bonar Law would not have been buried in Westminster Abbey, and his obituary notices would have been shorter by 75 per cent. So slight a margin of fortune sometimes determines the grade of fame attained by an individual in public life. To become Prime Minister gives a British politician at once an eminence which can otherwise be reached only by men of unusual powers. And to such endowment Bonar Law, certainly, could not lay claim. He was a man of ability, doubtless, but not of that outstanding ability which gives its possessor an unquestioned title to supremacy. It was as a stop-gap, at a moment when acute party rivalries made it necessary for harmony's sake to elect a compromise candidate, that Bonar Law was chosen to lead the Unionists in the Commons. The accident of the party situation in 1911 put him first in the line of succession to the Premiership when the Lloyd George Government fell last year, and thus set his name on a roll of honor from which the more distinguished names of Harcourt and Chamberlain are missing.

The traditions of the Conservative party in Great Britain are, above everything, aristocratic. It is the party of blue blood. The object of its existence is to preserve as far as possible such relics of the feudal system as have not been submerged by the rising tide of democracy. It is the champion of privilege, and the guardian of the sacred rights of the established church and the established land system. Its natural adherents are the members of the upper classes and those plebeians who aspire to become patricians before they die. But, in his practical endeavors to preserve the old order, the British aristocrat shows a good deal of horse sense. Just as the life of the peerage itself has been prolonged by constant recruitment from the people and by matrimonial alliances which have saved historic but impecunious families from bankruptcy, so the aristocratic party has been shrewd enough to recognize the benefit to be gained by utilizing the political talent of men who, by birth and breeding, were alien from the caste of Vere de Vere. For a generation it suffered an adventurer of Jewish extraction to lead it by the nose, rightly understanding that the intellect of Disraeli would be worth more to it than the slow-moving wits of the typical scion of the stately homes of England. And in later years, by a no less profitable condescension, it has allowed its councils to be dominated from time to time by representatives of vulgar trade in the persons of Chamberlain, Law, and Baldwin.

Another reflection suggested by the career of Bonar Law is that the steady-going matter-of-fact politician of solid rather than showy qualities sometimes gets his chance through the very superfluity of cleverness of his more nimble rivals. The time comes when the country tires of stunts, and turns with relief to a leader whom no one can suspect of the ambition to excel as a contortionist. That sobering of the public mood gave Bonar Law his opportunity when he followed Balfour as leader of the Opposition in 1911 and Lloyd George as Premier in 1922. Dull he might be by comparison, but his deficiency in *esprit* was more than counterbalanced by his reputation for level-headedness and sincerity. "Honest to the verge of simplicity" was Lloyd George's summary of him, and many a more brilliant politician might well envy him that epitaph.

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Anti-Semitism in European Universities

By MARVIN LOWENTHAL

IN Berlin last winter I read a brief newspaper report of the demand of the students' corps of the University of Jena that the first four rows in all the lecture halls be reserved exclusively for students of "pure German stock." I later set out on a swing through the chief university centers of Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland; and I found myself in a great battlefield, which stretches from Germany east to Russia, where each campus is a front-line trench, and where the Jewish students, organized almost to a man, with practically no weapon but their organization, are lustily fighting for what to them is chiefly the privilege to study, but what for the world is the essential principle of academic freedom. Even the freedom to teach is not so fundamental as the right to learn.

I arrived in Vienna the day after a major engagement. The German nationalist students had gone on a two-day strike, and with long canes and thick rubber clubs had persuaded the Jewish students not to attend classes. The purpose of the strike was embodied in three demands: (a) Restriction of university officials to men of "German stock and mother-tongue"; (b) restriction of Jewish students to 10 per cent of student body; (c) restriction of Jewish professors to 10 per cent of the faculty staff. This 10 per cent is the famous *numerus clausus;* students can talk of little else. The demand for a *clausus* has spread now to practically every campus in Central and Eastern Europe; it has been taken up by the legislatures of Austria, Poland, Hungary, the Baltic States, and Rumania.

During my stay in Vienna I used to go daily to the headquarters of the Judaea, the Jewish student organization of the University of Vienna, through which all of the smaller Jewish *Vereine* and corps are welded into one body, and of which 5,500 out of the 6,000 Jewish students are members; and there I watched the reports come in from the widespread front: In Jassy a bloody scuffle; in Czernowitz the university senate refuses the demands of the Rumanian nationalist students, there is a strike and bloodshed; in Riga a Jewish student is killed. The Polish students of Lemberg march en masse to the Plac Maryacki and before the statue of the poet Mickiewicz take an oath to drive the Jews from the university. The Jewish students of Kronstadt form battalions for self-protection. In Vilna "the movement against the Jewish students grows." Klausenberg, where there is a medical college, brings forth what was then a novelty but is now a commonplace: the Rumanian students demanded, with the usual rioting, that the Jews be excluded from the college unless the Jewish community furnished corpses for dissection. This is all in one week's news.

Meanwhile I managed to catch a few glimpses of the battle from within. I noticed that workmen were putting up wooden shutters before the windows of the Jewish *mensa,* or dining-hall, in Vienna; and the students explained that this was no academic precaution—their dining-hall and kitchen had been cleaned out only the year before by a mob of *Frontkämpfer,* and now they had the waiters and student employees drilled to sweep all dishes, food, and furniture into the deep cellars, within a few minutes' notice. While visiting the Jewish *mensa* at Prague, I casually asked if any Gentile students ate there. Three, I was told, and they ate free. The explanation carried the battle to Budapest, three hundred miles away. It appears that after the Hungarian authorities put into effect a *numerus clausus* of 2 per cent, the University of Budapest refused to give the departing Jewish students their university records. Whereupon three liberal-minded Gentile students broke into the record offices one night and carted away all the student records in one swoop and fled with them to Czecho-Slovakia. And these were the three, eating free in the Jewish *mensa.* The trick of tampering with the records is not confined to Hungary. One morning, during my stay in Vienna, the students told me that German nationalists had the night before gone through the records of the School of Technology and had torn up all the Jewish records.

Up to the present time the Jews have found no weapon but protest. This is a rather empty satisfaction, for there is no one, with both good-will and power, to whom they can protest. The only other defense, if such it may be called, is flight; and again, as in medieval days, student bodies are preparing to trek from one far town to another. I was sitting in one of the leading coffee-houses of Prague, and there entered two Vienna students whom I had last met on an electric train going from Bratislava to Vienna. I was greatly surprised to see them, for they possessed rather less than the nothing which is the usual worldly goods of Jewish students. After they had explained to me the system of this particular coffee-house—whereby when the waiter comes for an order the student tells him "later," and the waiter never returns—they explained their presence in Prague. They were Slovakian born, and hence citizens of the land, and, like the spies of Canaan, were come to interview the Czech minister of education to learn what the attitude of the authorities would be if a large immigration of students set in from Vienna. Happily they were to return to Austria with big grapes—Prague would welcome them. Italy too has come forward with an offer to throw open her university doors to foreign students and to assist their coming by means of reduced railway fares. This sounds like salvation but—and a big but—for the comparatively high cost of living in Czecho-Slovakia and Italy.

In Austria the University of Vienna authorities have, it is true, turned down the *numerus clausus* as unconstitutional, but they have announced, quite gratuitously, that in matriculating new students extra efforts would be made to keep up the high scholastic standards of the school. That this is an indirect promise to keep out Jewish students (who number about one-third of the entire student body) becomes apparent from the statements of Dr. Diener, president of the university. "The progressive Levanticizing of Vienna must at least be stopped at the doors of the university," says Dr. Diener. "The university surely cannot be expected to welcome as guests . . . an element foreign to us in race and habits, whose culture, education, and morals stand on a much lower plane than that of the German student body, constituting a cancer in our academic life." This attitude might be kept in mind by those who are moved by pleas of the University of Vienna for financial aid (such as that put forth by ex-Premier Nitti in *The Nation* last winter) on the ground that it is an institution

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open for all. "The number of foreign Jewish students can easily be reduced by statute," continues Dr. Diener; but the faculty of the School of Technology is not waiting for legal measures and has announced that it will not accept Jews in excess of 10 per cent of the total enrolment, unless this excess is Austrian citizens, which they well know is most unlikely.

Limitation of students is equally unconstitutional in Poland, but the parliament is endeavoring to overcome this obstacle; the National Democrats who have been fostering a bill to this end are now in control of the ministry. Meanwhile the Lemberg medical students' association has shut out Jews and demanded that none be allowed to study without—the usual Jewish corpses. Cracow has demanded one Jewish for every ten Christian corpses and has given a date, together with an ultimatum, when the first corpses are to be delivered. In Warsaw the Jewish student quarters have been wrecked. The Baltic States behave like miniature Polands. The minister of education in Riga explains that the Jewish students "have offended the soul of the Latvian youth," and the educational commission of the Diet of Latvia has adopted a resolution calling for the payment of special fees by Jewish students who are in excess of the proportion of Jews to the general population. Kovno and Dorpat have been the scenes of student strikes against the Jews.

Hungary is unsatisfied with the 2 per cent clause; it is 2 per cent too many. So the students of Budapest have rioted, sent a half-dozen Jewish students to the hospital, and demanded complete exclusion of the rest. Rioting and violence have reached their height, so far, in Rumania, where throughout last spring there were a succession of bloody encounters. In Bucharest the students demand: (1) A *numerus clausus* of 10 per cent for Jewish students and faculty; (2) a quota of Jewish corpses; (3) no further extension of rights to Jewish citizens in Rumania; (4) no further Jewish immigration into Rumania; (5) the censorship of the "conscienceless" (liberal and radical) press.

II

A mere recital of these outward manifestations against the Jewish students reveals only faintly the nature of the driving forces behind. A Central or Eastern European university, one must first understand, is set atmospherically against the Jew. As a student he works and plays in an academic Ghetto; the walls shutting him out from social and professional intercourse with the general student body are high and rigid. He sits beside the Gentile student in class—except where, as proposed in Jena, he sits behind him—but he does not sit *with* him. He has the same interests as the other students but he never shares them. The universities of Austria, Poland, etc., generally have a common dining-hall where food may be had comparatively cheap—a great boon these days. The Jewish student is universally excluded from these halls, not by law or rule but by making it too unpleasant for a self-respecting Jew to eat there. Student organizations are of two types—social, which embrace dueling corps and various sorts of *Verbände* and *Brüderschaften* much like American fraternities but on a larger scale; and professional, which include medical, legal, philological, historical, literary, and scientific *Vereine*, which often maintain special libraries, offer their members facilities to buy books cheaply and seek positions for graduates, and afford a forum for discussing technical matters. From both these types of organization the Jew is excluded. Finally there have grown up since the war large student relief organizations (such as the Bratnia Pomoc of Poland) which distribute food and clothing, provide barracks for shelter, and make loans to cover urgent needs; and in this relief work with a few honorable exceptions the Jew may give but not receive. In Poland, it is true, the Jew may become a member, second-class, with no vote.

Five minutes' stroll through the halls of the University of Vienna will tell the whole story. The bulletin boards of the various student organizations hang on the walls, and it is customary to affix the constitution of each society upon its particular board. Here we have the Germania which invites "German-*Aryan* students" to use its reading room, and assures the university world that it is the "national duty" of every student, meaning Aryan student, to join up. The Deutsche Akademische Gemeinschaft "unites all German-*Aryan* students who strive for spiritual and moral uplift." Typical is the Akademischer Verein der Germanisten who further German culture. Their old constitution, dating from before the war, reads that "members can be only Germans." The new constitution (1920) amends the matter. Membership is now "open only to those of German-Aryan stock and consciousness." In some of the old constitutions the article on membership is left unchanged, except for the introduction in red ink of the one word, "Aryan."

The same restrictions are expressed, almost comically, in purely professional societies. The Naturwissenschaftlicher Verein "has for its object the study, on the part of *German* students [*German* underlined in heavy red crayon], of all branches of natural science." Societies for the study of history, Slavic tongues, and romance languages are open only to "German-Aryans" and, indeed, in order to be privileged to study the romance languages with these Aryans one must in addition "belong to a German *Schutzverein*." The Akademischer Orchester Verein, in a handsome poster, invites any student "who can play a wind or string instrument and who has Aryan ancestry to enter." In imitation of this Gilbertian nationalism, the Jewish students create their own societies duplicating, in detail, the ground covered by the German organizations. So, in the law department, one can see on the right of the main door a bulletin board, labeled in black, "Deutsch-akad. Juristen Verein," and on the left another board labeled in blue "Jüdisch-akad. Juristen Verein." The only society I noticed open to all students, without qualifications, was the society to combat syphilis.

Behind the student and his attitude against the Jew is the professor. Formerly a member of a highly respected and comfortably situated class, accustomed to adequate pay from the state and honor from society, he is, today, for the most part a wistful aspirant for the return of the old order and an implacable hater of the new. In the states formed or enlarged since the Treaty of Versailles the professor is generally a supporter and so far as he is able provider of that exaggerated patriotism and nationalism which these states require in order to keep the populations at a fighting-point against the large alien minorities within and potential enemies without.

And behind both the student and professor are the nationalist political movements of Central and Eastern Europe. Their case can be put in a few words. The people of Central and Eastern Europe are hungry. And more cruel than

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the absence of a real meal, they are without economic security or hope. Something must, in their desperation, be done. And the only two things to be done are to go communist or monarchist, forward or backward; anything else is merely another form of standing still and hungering. The rallying-point for those who wish to go backward, and they are perhaps in the majority, is nationalism. Whether the nationalists are aiming for a literal monarchy, as is likely in Germany, or merely for a "strong" government, as is probable in Poland or Austria, they must, to effect their purposes, demand huge sacrifices from the people, and the only way they can conceive of securing them is through an appeal to national love. And the love of one's own nation is inextricably bound up with the hate of other nations, especially if those other nations be within the gates. So the easiest way of making an Austrian, Pole, or Rumanian feel more like an Austrian, etc., is to induce him to hate the alien, i. e., the Jew. We had a similar psychology operating in America during the war when we heated up our Americanism by hating the Germans. And it was for the same ideals, to induce people to make sacrifices, to save the country, to preserve civilization. Warfare is too expensive for the Hungarian, Pole, Rumanian, or German today, so the cheapest and most available "enemy" becomes the Jew. Political parties come forward with programs for disfranchising the Jews, merchant classes proclaim economic boycotts, and, correspondingly, universities are putting up the *numerus clausus*.

The drive against the Jew in the university is not merely a part of this general effort at boycott; it is, in a certain sense, that boycott concentrated in a single blow. For if the Jew can be kept out of college, he can *ipso facto* be kept out of the professional classes, and he can also be excluded from the administration of the government, for it is carried on almost exclusively by university-trained men.

The intimate relation between anti-Semitic student riots and these general and serious political considerations is no more clearly revealed than in the relation between the student corps and the nationalist parties. They are both recruited from the same classes. When the Vienna students kept the Jews from the university grounds for two days, many of the university supporters armed with rubber clubs, were middle-aged men, and the general cry was not "Down with the Jewish students" but "Down with Jewish politics." It was a high-school student who planned and largely university students who executed the murder of Rathenau.

Central and Eastern Europe is saying "The Jew must go." He won't, of course, and he can't. And the struggle will lead no one knows where. One thing seems certain: in those lands where toleration and freedom could be waters of healing, the universities are poisoning the wells.

The New Russian Women

By MAGDELEINE MARX

II. The Intellectual

SERVANT and mother of the "cause" at once, an angel in rags, unswerving in will, unfathomable of heart, austere, searching, assimilating, a true demon for work, the Russian intellectual does not present merely the tragic aspect with which the refugees abroad have acquainted us: one discerns in her a new woman, a human type utterly unfamiliar to us, the type which the revolution has created.

I have known many of them, young and old. I have lived among them. If it is true that the revolution has left its indelible stamp on all of them, if the horizon of their country has endowed them all with a sense of the infinite, if the yoke of centuries has trained them to selflessness, it is not that which impresses one most. What impresses one is the difference existing between the two generations of women now at work. I believe that nowhere in the world is this difference so marked.

Let us begin with the older women, those who were approaching the forties when the revolution broke out, whose education was completed, whose personality was stamped, and who had behind them twenty years of struggle against the law, of imprisonment, and of hope. Ranking first among these is the woman who devoted herself to politics.

The ideal type, and also in certain respects an exceptional and fascinating one, is Alexandra Kollontai. Daughter of the aristocracy, the wife of a general, she struggled throughout her youth for the liberation of the Russian masses. After participating actively in the events of the revolution, she was for two years People's Commissar for Public Health. A brilliant writer, an agitator of the first rank, a stinging satirist, speaking English, German, Spanish, the Scandinavian and several Oriental languages perfectly, she is perhaps one of the most richly endowed individuals in Russia in point of eloquence.

On the eve of her departure for Christiania, where she now occupies the post of Ambassador of the Soviet Government, I spent a whole evening with her in the small room that was allotted to her on her return from Odessa. It is not so much regarding politics that I wish to question her. I am familiar with her written works, her activities. I am eager to know what she thinks, as a woman and a leader, of the relations that may develop between men and women in a community evolved along communist lines.

It appears to be a question which she has studied profoundly. In her view, family and marriage constitute an historical phenomenon uniquely the result of a transient era of production and are therefore ephemeral. She goes into greater detail. The family, formed in its early stages for the purpose of production, subsists in modern capitalist society for the purpose of consumption. Individual consumption being supplanted by community consumption in public kitchens, and the manufacture of clothing, the maintenance of homes, laundry work, and even mending wearing apparel having become a part of community economics, the economic unity achieved by the family has no longer any reason for existence in a republic of workers. Deprived of its economic aims the family is destined to dissolve and to assume the form of a union between man and woman based on a reciprocal agreement.

I ask Alexandra Kollontai what, in her opinion, will be the dominant factors inspiring the new laws regulating marital relations.

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"These two factors," she replies: "first, public health; second, the increase or diminution of the population."

"Besides," she said, "as communist society accords to men and women the same rights and the same obligations, the double standard now prevailing will disappear. The sexual act being the fulfilment of a natural instinct, it will no longer be considered as a sin. On the contrary, communist morality, setting the highest store by the cultivation of the many spiritual activities of youth, will help each individual to conform perfectly to the needs of the community. Instead of wasting their sensibilities in the emotions of sex, the women of the future will dedicate them to service of the community."

The hours pass and I listen. She has amazing gray eyes, with soft shadows. She has a sensitive, mobile mouth, made for smiling. When she laughs, her head thrown back, it is like a cascade of gaiety. The play of her gestures is so alive, so young and winged.

Let us enter the office of Kroupskaia, the wife of Lenin. Orator, author, revolutionary from her earliest days, she directs at Moscow the Political Department for Public Instruction. On the first floor of a building occupying a corner of the Sretinski Boulevard, buried in a hive echoing with the rattle of typewriters and the tinkling of telephone bells, we find the room in which Kroupskaia works.

On the walls, a map of Russia, a portrait of Karl Marx, another of Trotzky, a few of the educational charts. Two tables overloaded with documents, a telephone, three or four chairs, and a total impression of bareness, of extreme simplicity.

A woman with white hair is seated before a desk. She rises to receive the visitor. Her back is slightly bent. She wears a black wool coat with frayed edges, almost transparent at the elbows, hanging at the shoulders; a cheap black skirt, shoes that gape frightfully, a waist of white cotton which, from too much washing, is turning rust-color at the neck, green over the bosom. That is the wife of the tyrant, the woman who has been reported as decked magnificently in precious gems and jewels.

Bending forward far over her desk, for her ailing eyes can scarcely see, she apologizes for her poor French. And yet she speaks the language faultlessly, with here and there just a momentary hesitation, as she tells me of the vast effort in every part of Russia to wipe out illiteracy.

An overwhelming kindness glows in her countenance, a kindness such I have never before seen in any face. And this kindness invades me as she explains to me the basic ideas of a report which she has just completed on the educational program of the schools. Kindness, and with it a steadfast desire to remain anonymous! Everything about her seems to say: "I am nothing. Over and above me, over and above all of us, whether we will it or not, there is the inescapable fatality which is mastered only by those who, by their unconquerable will, confront it."

Poorly dressed, inadequately nourished, confined to a single room in the Kremlin, where the only luxuries are a few flower-pots on the window-sill, the lot of Kroupskaia, her hope, her reason for living, is work.

Let us view more closely the women who more accurately represent the average woman among the intellectuals of the same generation. All, or nearly all, have been revolutionaries from their fifteenth year. The youth of nearly all of them has been passed in the prisons of the Czar. And they nearly all belong today to the Bolshevist Party.

Which of them shall I describe? Shall it be the doctor's wife, who has an active role at once in the Communist International, in the Section of Women of the Party, and in the Section of Women of the Orient; who speaks almost every day at some meeting; who with two or three other women edits a newspaper for peasant women, inspects foundling asylums, visits factories, receives foreign delegations, and reveals, under her graying hair, soft maternal eyes and a wearied countenance martyred with fatigue?

Or shall it be Pokrowska, sweet of face, choice of spirit, companion of the historian Michel Pokrowsky, who is an official in the People's Court of Moscow? Or shall it be Dr. Lebedeva, who directs the Maternity and Children's Bureau in Moscow and brings to her duties her tireless energy and her extraordinary far-sightedness?

They all have the same long day, the same superhuman task, the same small room, the same telephone at their bedside which rings at all hours of the night: "Get up. At such and such an hour you must be at such and such a place. Your sleep, your rest, your person, nothing belongs to you."

And what role does love play in the lives of these women? I know that each of them has a profound tenderness for her companion in the struggle. Many of them are married. But for each of them, the breath of their life, the passion of their heart, is their work for the cause. In this work they have spent their youth, worn out their hearts, and in this work they will die. Not that they condemn, hate, or judge love: they are merely like so many immune women in the midst of general contagion.

Their recreations? There are no recreations for these martyrs. They do not know the meaning of the word rest. When they arrive at the point of exhaustion and their bodies can no longer bear the strain, they protestingly permit themselves to be sent off to a little villa in Moscow or in Petrograd, whence they return to their tasks two or three weeks later with a bulky tract or monograph completed, hardly more rested than when they left.

I said a little while ago that the intellectuals of their generation are nearly all militant Communists. However, there is a certain number which is either neutral or hostile.

Preeminent among the neutrals are the majority of women teachers. Without failing to maintain perfect loyalty to the Soviet Government and frankly declaring that in all matters touching education the bolshevist program is incomparably superior to the former method of instruction, they preserve in their hearts an aversion for the new regime.

In the first place, the revolution brought a great change in their material lives. There has been much suffering in Russia during the past few years. There has been hunger. Without the advantage of the social mysticism which sustained those whose lives I have described, preoccupied solely with their personal fate, it is easy to understand why they have preserved a hatred for the upheaval which deprived them of their former tranquillity.

And now for the young. "You will see what an interesting generation is in process of formation among the women," I was told upon my arrival in Russia. "But you will find them somewhat arid, pursuing the dictates only of cold reason."

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But where is the coldness, the aridity, of those younger girls? There is Lena, for instance, whom I should like to describe because she appears to me to be the prototype of all the others.

She was twenty years old last summer. Born in Siberia, of parents deported because of their political persuasions, she grew up on the shores of Lake Baikal and her childhood was passed in the region of Irkutsk and Tomsk.

Her blond silk hair is pretty only in the sunlight, when her fruit-like cheeks and limpid blue eyes come into notice. She cannot be described as beautiful or charming or ugly. In looking at her one does not think of beauty; one thinks of something else, something inexpressible. Despite her pathetic garb, her man's sweater, her velvet beret worn to a rag, her cloddish shoes, her threadbare skirt, she remains angelic in appearance.

From Siberia she came to Kiev, where she began her studies. At the time of the Denikin offensive, she left for the front, leading the life of the Red soldiers. During the famine that raged at Rostov, she ate rat meat, grass, even straw, and found the energy to minister to ailing babies. She is now completing her studies at the University of Moscow, and, while learning English, French, and German, pursuing sociological research, taking active part in political life, following every congress and attending all the lectures, joining every demonstration, she is specializing in the history of art.

What is her environment? A small room on the extreme outskirts of the city, an iron cot, a table, a chair, a tea kettle, walls covered with portraits and posters—a room often providing shelter for five and sometimes even seven when necessary. Throngs of young people hungry for education arrive constantly at Moscow. What matters it if the universities are already overcrowded, rooms impossible to find, the cost of food forbidding? They know (and I believe this condition exists only in Russia) that somewhere in the vast city they will find a compassionate spirit who will share his crust of bread and his crowded room.

Lena is always making room for some comrade in her pinched quarters, generally for some young girl, but if it happens to be a young man that seems to have little importance. And despite the poverty, the hunger for study, the consuming faith in the future, the little groups find time for innocent, sparkling gaiety. Tea is drunk out of the household's one glass, Lena's trifling ration is shared with her less fortunate comrades, the faucet in the hallway is the common bath-tub, and all wearing apparel is common property, stockings, dresses, shirts, shoes, the first to rise in the morning donning whatever garments he first lays hands on and the others take what is left. They adore the theater and they go by turns. They love music and there is always some girl who can dance and perform for the others. And they laugh so easily. Sometimes, in the warm days, they leave on foot for an afternoon in the country, and they sing in chorus the whole length of the tramp. And, if they have the good luck to find a lake or a pond along the route, they all tumble in, nude, pell-mell.

The joys of intimacy, private pleasures? For these creatures pleasure can only be a communal matter. In truth, the collective instinct has permeated the blood of this generation. It is evident not only in the desire to share but even in the manifestation of joy. The mere labor of loading and transporting whole pine trees, of draping wood with chintz, of preparing for a parade, of rehearsing with a chorus, gives them the sparkling eyes and flaming cheeks ascribed to heroines in the first flush of love by the old-fashioned writers. I say "old-fashioned," for the drama of the individual seems to have ceased, to have receded into history, giving way to the mass drama which alone grips and inspires the spirits of the young girls.

Is Lena a Communist? If being a Communist merely means having made a choice between one belief and another, it cannot be said that she is one, for that is saying nothing. Daughter of the era of the machine, true sister of the proletariat, she is a Communist as involuntarily as she breathes. Communism is to her neither a theory nor an ideal. It is the warmth of her youth, it is the air in which she bathes.

And therein, precisely, lies the difference between the two generations. When one knows the women of the older generation, one senses that they are revolutionaries by virtue of all that is "superior" within us. At once above and outside of ordinary mortals, they are appalling in their fine qualities. The heart is pinched and the spirit humiliated by the spectacle of their laborious days. There is a vague feeling of revolt before their sacrifices and mutilation. The Lenas are the living product, altogether natural, of this revolutionary soil. They are the vigorous plants which grow in the free atmosphere and could not grow elsewhere. They represent the moment in development when, in order to adapt itself better, the species differentiates. In this instance, certain spiritual elements have become atrophied in order to permit others to develop and reach higher altitudes. Lena writes strange poems and she excels in the sciences. Her temples pulse with love, but never does a cry of enthusiasm spring from her lips. No impulse that cannot be converted into action ever emerges. All her actions comprise the total gift of herself, and yet she never reveals the least external élan.

Her companions are only reflected images of her.

Lola, a daughter of the nobility and twenty-two years old, carelessly dressed, hair bobbed, always barefoot, with her urchin's laugh, she too is amazingly talented. She can dance and drive an automobile, she writes and composes music, she does stage decoration, she has studied scenic effects with Meyerhold, acting with Stanislawski. She has worked in factories, can translate five tongues, with great ability manages one of the government executive offices, and, if brought face to face with death, she would reveal her genius even then, skipping toward death as she would to a ball.

The common sense of Lena, her self-mastery, is found once more in Niourina, who for eighteen months was political director with the military forces, lived the life of a soldier, and even today still wears a military cap and a khaki coat with purple bars while fulfilling her duties in the Women's Section of the Party and in the army teaching staff. I have been present at the lectures on contemporary history which she gives regularly at an officers' school. What Frenchwoman, however little sex consciousness she may possess, however feeble her instinct to please, would not have felt at least slightly embarrassed with sixty pairs of male eyes fixed upon her? Cool, logical, scrupulously precise, entirely unconscious of her person, she was the victim only of her anxiety to make her audience understand and to transmit her knowledge.

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The New Architecture

Temples of Mammon Supersede Those of Ammon

By HENRY S. CHURCHILL

THE New Architecture is with us, inexorably forced upon us, whether we will or not, by economic law. The relentless drive of economic necessity, the governing law of modern, even if not, as some maintain, of all life has created and is creating the architecture of today in actual structural fact. Aesthetically, where that law has been accepted and expressed, we have a living art; where it has been denied and disguised, we have a dying art.

Architecture has always been a reflection of the age that produced it. The hope of Egypt, the clarity of Greece, the pomp of Rome, the faith of the Middle Ages, the license of the eighteenth century, the acquisitiveness of the twentieth are faithfully mirrored in the temples of the times, whether these temples be of Ammon or of Mammon. Nor is there any doubt that as the material side of life has developed more swiftly in the last hundred years than in all the preceding historic centuries, so the structural side of architecture, which corresponds to the material side of life, has undergone greater changes in the last generation than in any preceding period of its history.

A hundred years ago New York was a charming, if muddy, city of red-brick houses with white doorways and cast-iron balconies, spired churches, and low warehouses and wharves, situated on a rocky island. Farm-houses dotted the open spaces between the villages of Yorktown and Harlem, Manhattanville and Bloomingdale. The fateful shadow of the gridiron had not yet fallen across it. As population, wealth, and ostentation increased, there came brown-stone fronts in endless rows, and more and more massive office buildings. In 1880 the first elevated railroad trailed its blighting way out to Harlem, elongating the city, choking its cross-town expansion, relegating the river fronts, the city's natural outlets to air and beauty, to commerce and squalor. Land in the Battery section became immensely valuable. Investors and owners, endeavoring to squeeze every drop of increment from their land, found that by building higher they could get greater returns. The height limit, however, would have remained that of convenient walking had it not been for the invention of the elevator. With its advent vertical transportation became a reality and the skyscraper a possibility.*

But limitations to the first high elevator buildings were soon discovered. It was found that the increase in thickness of the bearing walls necessary to carry great height ate up rentable floor space too rapidly to make a very great number of stories profitable, and besides cut off too much light. To take the place of these clumsy walls, cast-iron columns came into use, and various systems of long-span fire-proof floor construction. These were gradually developed to relieve the walls of practically all weight but their own. As the steel industry developed, steel columns came into use on account of their greater strength. The steel shapes were slowly standardized for lightness, convenience of design, and most of all swiftness of erection. It was found that by riveting an angle to the wall-beams it was possible to erect masonry from floor to floor independently of a masonry base, or to start it on many floors at once. The self-supporting wall thus went out of existence, as the floor-bearing wall had gone before, and the true skeleton frame came into being. Walls became simple fillers between floors, without any structural value whatever. This permitted reducing them to the least thickness compatible with their staying in place and keeping the weather out, and not only saved space, but weight and, consequently, steel.

Just as steel frames and curtain walls came into being through economic reasons, so brick has largely replaced stone as the material for those walls. Stone walls on a skyscraper are an anomaly. They do not carry themselves; they must be backed by some material to be weather-proof; they must be deviously anchored. In our industrial cities they deteriorate in the gas-laden atmosphere. The use of stone is an aesthetic tradition; the monumental material of the past, its use was appropriate in wall-bearing construction for monumental and sumptuous edifices. Today it persists as an example of the theory of conspicuous waste.

That stone has so largely gone out of use in recent years except for trimmings is due, however, not to a realization of its essential unfitness for its purpose, but to prohibitive cost occasioned by a combination of circumstances chiefly arising from the war and trade-union regulations. Under the pressure of these conditions, and not from any aesthetic choice, it was discovered that brick could be beautifully laid in patterns as a colorful and decorative surface instead of as an imitation masonry wall. And the logical successor to brick—especially if the brick manufacturers succeed in combining themselves out of business—is terra-cotta.

Another change, the most recent and obvious, in the architecture of New York, has been brought about by the zoning and set-back laws. Economic dictates, of course, were behind the enactment of these laws. When the greed of property owners and speculators in exploiting the space above their lots threatened not only to become a menace to public health but to reduce rentals by cutting off light and air, it was found desirable to limit an owner's rights to do what he pleased with his own. The Rights of Private Property were invaded ostensibly for the protection of the public—and one of the most beautiful and characteristic effects of New York architecture has been the result.

With the practical modern office-building essentially a steel frame requiring, logically, an entirely new exterior expression, a fair question is: Why are our streets lined with specters of the outworn past? In a measure it is because aesthetic development must always lag behind structural changes which demand such rapid visual readjustments as are involved in the change from wall-bearing to skeleton steel construction.

A generation is a short time for the eye to get accustomed to new dynamic relationships. One of the most important of these relationships is the immensely greater strength of steel as compared to the materials formerly in use. The experience of ages had taught that so much masonry was needed to support so much weight; that a stone could reasonably span such a distance, a wood beam such another distance; that too slender a support would

*The first real skyscraper was erected in Chicago, but under analogous conditions. There high property values were artificially created by the elevated "loop," which still effectively strangles the city.

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buckle and break, too long a lintel sag and crack. Steel and reinforced concrete have changed all those long-accustomed balances. The eye must come to new realizations of what is safe, and therefore what is comfortable, and therefore what can give pleasure.

Other changes are the elimination of shadow brought about by shallow reveals in the thin curtain-walls, and the consequent emphasis of surface as opposed to mass; and the tremendously increased importance of the silhouette under the application of the set-back laws.

These adjustments are gradually taking place. The trend of the new design may be briefly and cursorily traced by considering the Park Avenue Hotel, the World Building, the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, any loft building in the Fifth Avenue twenties, the Plaza Hotel, the Woolworth Building, Pierre's and Sherry's, the Fisk Building, and the new Shelton Hotel on Lexington Avenue.

It should be noted that while economic pressure tends on the one hand to make buildings structurally modern, on the other it tends to hold back aesthetic progress through fear that "novelty" in appearance may hinder rentability. It is for this reason, as well as for aesthetic ones, that so many of our commercial structures are clothed in ill-fitting garments.

Although there is slow but evident progress visible in our commercial work it is nowhere visible in our public edifices, where the question of expense is not so fundamental, the desire for conspicuous waste often a ruling motive, and the dead hand of academic tradition falls most heavily. With the exception of the design for the Nebraska State Capitol, none of our recent public buildings show the slightest attempt to develop an architectural expression in accord with either the structural system or their surrounding civilization. Their steel frames are swathed in mummy-cloths. The absurdity of steel-framed masonry domes! The sterility of rows of useless columns! Endless modillions and garlands taking the place of imagination and suitable invention! How can they be other than ostentatious, dreary, and monotonous?

Almost as little evidence of change is to be found in our domestic architecture. Characteristically enough, the more expensive the work, the more time expended upon it, the less the progress. The reason here is not only the comparative lack of economic pressure; there is a simple psychologic factor involved. A man's house is what he lives with, and to most men the most usual is the most livable. Anything "different" in the way of a home would make him feel as ill at ease as a purple shirt with lace ruffles. Then, too, the rich man sees a villa or a palace abroad, and because it costs more to build, and looks it, he must have it reproduced here—the Palazzo Massimi on Fifth Avenue, a Tudor mansion on Long Island, a Brittany farm-house in Westchester. Of course structural methods in the domestic field have not changed so radically as they have in larger building; it is not, perhaps, so heinous an offense to build a modern brick house in imitation of an old one. However that may be, our most living—if not livable!—domestic work is to be found in the model-housing industrial villages, where rigorous elimination of waste and the need for quantity production have prevented the aping of a long-dead craftsmanship, and simple, good effects have had to be obtained by the use of machine-materials, "untouched by human hand." In the same way, the noticeable increase in restraint and "good taste" in the speculatively built apartments in New York, which has received favorable comment in many quarters, has not been at all due to an increase in good taste, but to the prohibitive cost of gimcrackery.

Economic forces will thus in time bring about a new architecture aesthetically, as they have already done structurally, replacing mass and shadow by surface and silhouette. Proportion, the basic factor of good design, will always remain the chief factor. However, good proportion and its concomitant, good "scale," are not absolute, as the academicians like to think, but depend on inter-related relationships—the size and shape of the building, the relation of its many parts to the human figure and human needs, the materials used, and the system of construction. Good classic, gothic, and steel proportions are very different things, although many architects seem to think they are interchangeable. A rhinoceros skin does not fit a giraffe, nor even a cow, though all are mammals.

When modern structural methods are followed out to their logical conclusion, the results are progressive and interesting architecture. When eclectic aestheticism is followed, when "art" is the inspiration, the result is only pretense and puerile copying. Only from a building which answers inevitably to our modern needs do we get a modern emotion, a feeling of hardness, steel, vibration, discordant beauty, an emotion satisfying to our modern spirit. It is not beauty as the Greeks understood beauty, nor emotion as the builders of Chartres understood emotion, but it is life as it is understood today.

We need fewer artists and more architects; less art and more architecture. When we finally get that, we shall not need to look either humbly or reverently toward Athens, Rome, or Paris.

A Birth

By JAMES RORTY

After the rain, the morning breathed a soft
Annunciation. When I glanced aloft
I saw the sky dreamed blue, while on the sea
The foam caps shook in bright impersonal glee.

A gallant day, I thought. I said as much
To Gertie, munching mustard tops and such
Beside the fence. For Gertie, too, has heard,
I thought, the mild omnipotent Word
That moves in majesty above the fields,
Where everything that grows attends and yields
The praise of life rejoicing ere it pass:
The psalming insects, the obeisant grass.

If Gertie heard, I saw no sign. She stared
Across a field of ripened oats, where fared
That fecund Wind whose casual will again
Compelled the genuflections of the grain,
Then sought the sea, and combed the horizon's verge
That frothed beneath its vast, indifferent urge.

An hour later when I passed again,
She stared unmoved, in her clear eyes no stain
Of fear or worship. By her shrunken side
A something stirred: her calf, new-born, that tried
Fumbling and tottering to suck, and feebly mooed,
Scenting, no doubt, the storm the Wind had brewed.

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Paradoxology

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

NOW God be praised who has made the politics of our dear country so far from fixed, so far from dull! Observe, for instance, the Grand Old Party! It is supposed to be tethered by its left hind leg and a stout chain to a hydrant of fast-flowing campaign contributions in Wall Street. Bucket-carriers of that life-giving stream thereupon come down to Washington and demand that the Republican elephant shall cross a bridge which they have designed from America to Europe.

The elephant, thus adjured by his alleged keepers to proceed across the Atlantic, turns his face toward the Pacific and busies himself with the affairs of the Far East. Additional emissaries thereupon arrive in Washington from the fastnesses of finance. They denounce the anti-League and anti-international publicity of the Republican National Committee. They threaten violent disturbances within the committee. They attempt to produce changes in policy and in personnel which would divert the committee from its anti-international tendencies and activities and bring it into harmony with the pro-international views dominantly held among the gentlemen who provide the elephant's fodder.

The fodder-furnishers indicate that in their opinion he who feeds the elephant should call his pace. The elephant rejoins that the feeding has been far from good lately. Attention is called to the prolonged existence of deficits in the food supply. Attention is further called to the paucity of food in the great endeavors of last fall when the Democratic donkey outran the elephant in so many localities. It is moreover pointed out that even if food in full quantities were forthcoming, the elephant would still be more interested in avoiding getting stoned to death by the populace than in acquiring banquets from the elite.

Convinced that the populace is opposed to traveling to Europe, the elephant rejects the admonitions of his mahouts from Manhattan. He flaps his ears also at the League World Court aspirations of his President from Ohio. He warns his succeeding President from Massachusetts that League World Court aspirations in him will have a suicidal sound. He brings it about that the broad bridge planned toward Europe by the American Bankers' Association and the United States Chamber of Commerce is narrowed to a single plank along which individual Americans may proceed, if they will, toward being appointed by the Reparation Commission at Paris to serve on a committee to make a study of Germany's financial situation and to report that study, in the wake of a score of previous similar studies, to the members of the Reparation Commission who thereupon, if they wish to do so, may communicate with the Allied governments which thereupon, if they so choose, may act to reduce the reparation indebtedness of Germany in case they find themselves unanimous in desiring reduction.

To such modesty of deportment has the elephant reduced his alleged owners that in this one narrow plank toward a non-committal arithmetical participation in the calculating of Germany's capacity to pay they see and applaud a conversion of the elephant to their views. They are deceived. The gentlemen who constitute the inward workings of the elephant may consent to an occasional trumpeting of the blessed words "helpfulness to Europe" but they most of them have no intention whatsoever of causing the legs of the elephant to stir from their rooted stand on American soil.

The elephant may be living off the elite, and he may be the favorite political animal of the overwhelming majority of the graduates of our best universities and of the members of our best clubs, but he hears that the lowly are anti-international and he loves the lowly and its life.

He also, if a sound distinction be drawn between him himself and his campaign contributors, is just simply personally indisposed toward what his professional groomers and scrubbers and trainers call "internationalism." The owners of the animal may be in favor of American participation in Europe. The professional politicians who operate the animal are for the most part opposed to it, and the fact develops thereupon that it is they that are the real owners.

One of them, a Senator, a Tory, a believer in the rights of capital and a doubter of the claims of labor, a firm enemy of virtually all "progressive" legislation, has made two historic remarks on this point. The first was to a group of delegates from interests which in American political language are commonly honored by being called "*the* interests." They desired him in peremptory terms to go along with them in voting the United States into organized international endeavors. He replied:

"I happen to think it treason and if you are going to talk about it you must talk about it to other people. My limit in crime is the tariff."

A year or so later, having continued in the interim to resist all radicalism, he remarked one day to this writer: "Well, I hope the lower and baser and more radical elements are going to be strong enough long enough to help me lick the League."

Meanwhile the Democratic donkey, who naturally brays at the Social Register, finds himself becoming a society animal. His chief official trainer, Mr. Cordell Hull, causes him to lift up his voice and utter great noises against "the interests." He also causes him to utter great noises against the Republican foreign policy of "isolation."

Together the House of Morgan and the donkey pine for European travels. Together the elephant and the new farmer-labor Senators stamp upon the proposal. In the headquarters of the party of "the interests" the most loathed, the most feared, the most denounced element of our life is "the international banker." In the headquarters of the party of "the masses" the conscience of the party managers holds them true to a foreign policy which "the masses" have rejected.

Politics thus ceases to be as easy as political science; and calculations of the behavior of the elephant and of the donkey from an analysis of their diet become hazardous. Eating peanuts from the hands of saloon passengers, the elephant resolutely steers the ship away from where the saloon passengers want to go. Living on thistles in the steerage, the donkey demands a turn at the wheel in order to go to the port where he and our very best people long to be.

For "the interests" and their international hopes the donkey is a gratuitous volunteer and the elephant is a shameless ingrate absent without leave.

So God be praised who has made it impossible to explain the drama of politics purely by the box-office.

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In the Driftway

THERE is something almost incredibly brilliant in the red of our autumn foliage. There is nothing to equal it anywhere in the world. We talk of "tropical" richness of color; the tropics have nothing to match an American hillside in October. Europe's beech trees flaunt a radiant orange that our beeches do not know, but neither Europe nor the Equator can rival the living red of our maples, our sumachs, our sour gum, sassafras, and dogwood, or even of our woodbine, blueberry, and—despise it if you must—poison ivy, that trail fire across our autumn clearings. Even our oaks, dull beside the flaming maples, have a glow beyond their European peers. What is it in our atmosphere that burns such thrilling colors into the hillsides and swamps?

* * * * *

NEW YORK'S soot seems to clog the pores of color. Sumach will not thrive in a New York backyard, and none of the trees that best endure soft-coal smoke turn red. Horse chestnut affects a rather dull yellow and quickly fades to brown; the ailanthus, catalpa, sycamore, and poplars are all sober autumn trees; the gingko—that curious Chinese immigrant which looks like a tree fern left from the coal age, yet thrives in our ultra-modern cities—has as brilliant a coat as any, but without a hint of red.

* * * * *

THE birds, however, make no protest. The Drifter never ceases to be amazed at the bird life of downtown New York. Somehow the migrating birds discover every tiny oasis of green amid those appalling stone canyons. The most retiring forest birds seem in migration-time to have a fondness for the busiest squares. A pair of hermit thrushes lingered in City Hall Park for a week this autumn, silent among the noisy English sparrows. Kinglets lisped in the struggling oaks, brown creepers crawled up the tree trunks, juncoes hopped about the feeble grass, catbirds, white-throated sparrows, a Maryland yellow-throat, and a flicker slipped from shrub to shrub within a few yards of hundreds of thousands of bustling city-dwellers. Did anyone notice them but

THE DRIFTER?

Correspondence

[Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.]

Hero or Murderer?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: General Haller, Poland's notorious anti-Semite, has been accorded a royal welcome to these shores by President Coolidge, the American Legion, and various public officials. Directly responsible for the torture and murder of innocent Jews, he is acclaimed a hero by men prominent in American affairs. Are we to continue to kowtow to a man whose hands are stained with the blood of a people who dared remain true to the faith of their fathers? We speak of the crucifixion of Christ, but what of the Jews who were buried alive in Poland by soldiers commanded by General Haller? A traitor to civilization, he should be treated as such by the American people. Let us brand him as he deserves.

Dorchester, Massachusetts, October 20 VICTOR GERTLIN

What Lloyd George Missed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Middle West is where American dinners are served. Mr. Lloyd George should have had:

Cream of celery soup;
Channel-catfish steaks, cucumber sauce, and balls of browned mashed potato;
Roast turkey, cranberry sauce;
Succotash of lima beans and corn boiled and dried in the sun, candied sweet potatoes;
Hot biscuits;
Salad of tomatoes stuffed with shredded lettuce and picked walnuts;
Pumpkin pie, apple pie;
Coffee.

MARY ALICIA OWEN

St. Joseph, Missouri, United States of America, October 30

[A symposium on the Great American Dinner will appear in a later number of *The Nation*. Contributions will be made by various writers of the series on These United States—among them H. L. Mencken, Maryland; Clement Wood, Alabama; E. E. Miller, Tennessee; Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, and others.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Extinct Orphan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Are there any bona fide orphans extant? My wife and I desire to adopt an orphan of decent parentage (age 3-7) or two, if they are of the same family. We visited a home in this county where there are 110 children, only two of whom are orphans. The rest are semi- or "divorced" orphans. The majority are Italians whose parents regard the orphanage as a kind of college—probably it is. It is amazing what an enormous number of children ought to be orphans. I shall be grateful for information.

Whippany, New Jersey, October 23 ALBERT FARR

A Sailor's Offer

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your letter of September 12 received, and in reply will say that I will be unable to get any readers for *The Nation* on board the ship because my shipmates are not interested in anything that happens in the world so long as it happens outside of their own little world, which is limited to the deck of a steamboat. When I finish reading *The Nation* I leave it on the table in our quarters, and seldom do I see anyone as much as look at it, much less read it. They would, and do, spend from five to ten cents to buy the daily paper, for that is what the daily press costs on board ship when we can get it. I do not blame them for that, for I used to do the same thing. I still buy the daily paper when I can, not because I am interested in what it says, for it is mostly bunk, but from force of habit. Coming back to *The Nation*, I have thought out a plan that would be better from my position than getting readers. I suggest that I make a small donation of, say, $10 or $15. Probably the editor knows some workingman that he could send *The Nation* to, and he in turn would be in a better position to get new readers than I am. I do not know whether or not this plan would be accepted by *The Nation*. It is, however, the best I can do.

I do not agree with the editor when he says that America can cure the sickness across the pond. To my mind the same forces that control things there control also in America. Those forces on the other side have decayed and will soon go into history. It will only be a matter of time when this same decay will take place in America. There are plenty of straws that point the way the wind is blowing.

Detroit Marine P. O., Michigan, October 12 J. A. C.

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A Challenge to *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The most educated and intelligent political minds simply do not *see* the operations of a mind like Ford's. Of course I can't speak for Henry, but I just can't imagine his becoming, as your editorial, A Challenge to Henry Ford, suggests, a "dollar a year man" in the political government for the purpose of demonstrating anything. He is a great little demonstrator; but the only thing he demonstrates, so far as I can see, is that the Ford way of doing things is much simpler and much more to the point than the usual business way, and certainly much more so than the way the government undertakes to do things, limited as it is by a mass of politically devised restrictions and regulations.

Mr. Ford, so far as I know, has not the slightest quarrel with the principle of private profit. He believes that there is more profit in giving maximum service than in not doing so. If an enterprise isn't yielding a profit, he would suspect that there was something functionally wrong with it and that it is not giving the public service which it should. Challenging him, therefore, to run Muscle Shoals as some group that doesn't understand industry tells him to run it, and then to "prove his good faith" by accepting low wages for the job, when he doesn't believe in low wages either, would seem to him to have no particular point.

The Nation has already pointed out how "ignorant" Mr. Ford is. That being the case, *The Nation* should see that he is too ignorant to understand such a challenge; and *The Nation*, it seems to me, should prove its good faith by at least making its challenges intelligible to the persons challenged, especially when it knows those persons to be "ignorant."

Excuse me. I like *The Nation*. But I can't help riding it for its political-mindedness at a time when industrial thinking is so necessary.

New York, October 25 CHARLES W. WOOD

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1923 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Saturday, December 1, and not later than Monday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear Feb'y 13, 1924.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Books

The Exploitation of Turkey

Turkey, The Great Powers, and the Bagdad Railway. A Study in Imperialism. By Edward Mead Earle. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

FIFTY years hence it may be that the historian will regard the Great War primarily as an acceleration of the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Certainly, the division of Turkey into spheres of influence since 1918 is only completing frankly what was already well begun indirectly before 1914. In March, 1914, Sir Mark Sykes said in the House of Commons apropos of the Franco-German convention of 1913: "In practice, loans, kilometric guaranties, monopolies, and a financed native press must . . . pave the way to annexation. I submit that this is not the spirit of the Entente. The British people did not stand by the French people at Agadir to fill the pockets of financiers whose names are unknown outside of Constantinople or the Paris Bourse. . . . The Ottoman Empire is shaken, and the cosmopolitan financier is now staking out the land into spheres of influence. An empire may survive disasters but it cannot survive exploitation." For whatever reason Britain may have stood by France at Agadir, she immediately proceeded to secure her part of the spoils by the conventions with Turkey and Germany in 1913-1914. Whatever the "spirit of the Entente" may have been, in practice the Entente Powers had, in 1914, forced Germany, as the price of withdrawing their opposition to the Bagdad Railway, to admit them to the game of partitioning the Ottoman Empire. Then the war came, Germany and Russia were eliminated; and since the war France and Great Britain have gone on with the old arrangements, modified to suit the changed conditions.

It is the merit of Mr. Earle's book that he brings out the importance of the Bagdad Railway as a central and coordinating influence in this pre-war imperialistic scramble for the wealth of Turkey. He has carefully examined a great mass, it must be nearly all, of the available printed material, and in addition he has obtained, from persons "intimately associated with the Bagdad Railway," many records and documents not hitherto available. He seems to have mastered the material well enough to handle it with ease. Without emotion or notable bias, but clearly without any belief in the reality of the white man's burden, he has told his story in a clear, straightforward, and readable manner. The result is a reliable and an admirable study in contemporary imperialism—the best account, so far as I know, of the Bagdad Railway and its political and economic implications.

From this story it does not appear that the exploitation of Turkey was artfully or brutally imposed upon an innocent Ottoman government. Old Abdul Hamid was himself one of the first to dream of a great system of Turkish railways, and from first to last he welcomed foreign aid. Knowing well that he was mortgaging his empire, he did it because he saw no other way of developing the resources of his empire, and because he believed that only by developing those resources could his empire be held together under a single scepter or become a powerful state in the modern world. Whether the mortgage could ever be cleared was a gamble; but he, and his Young Turk successors, took the gambler's risk with their eyes open.

Nor does it appear that the Germans, with deep political design for the mastery of the world, stole a march upon the unsuspecting Entente Powers. In 1888 Sir Vincent Caillard tried to organize an Anglo-American syndicate to finance a Bagdad railway. When it failed the Germans took it up, obtained concessions, and began to build. In the negotiations of 1899-1903, French financial interests were given the same share as German. The Germans were eager to include the British interests in a scheme that would have internationalized the project. The Balfour Government approved, dallied with the scheme, but at last, on account of opposition from British shipping and other

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interests, withdrew. Again, in 1908-1909, during the pro-Entente and anti-German phase of the Young Turk movement, the British and French governments were given an opportunity to become the financial and political elder brothers of the Turks. They refused, and the Young Turks had to fall back on Germany again.

The truth is that in the early years—until about 1903—British and French opinion was either indifferent or favorable to the German project for a Bagdad railway. It was not until the Germans had taken the risk, begun the road, and were reaping the profits, that opposition developed in France and England. Opposition in France was partly sentimental, partly due to fear that the road would divert British trade from the Calais-Marseilles route, partly due to the opposition of Russia. In England opposition came partly from British shipping interests, and partly from British vested interests in Turkey. But in addition, there was from first to last the fear that such a road under German control, with a terminus on the Persian Gulf, would menace India and the Empire.

This opposition of the Entente Powers lasted until 1910-1914. Between those dates "bargains" were struck. The agreements reached in 1913 between French and German interests were formulated in the secret Franco-German convention of February 15, 1914. By this convention northern Anatolia and Syria were recognized as French spheres of influence in railway building, leaving the regions of the Anatolian and Bagdad railways as German spheres of influence. It was also agreed that "appropriate diplomatic and financial measures should be taken to bring about an increase in the revenues of the Ottoman Empire, sufficient, at least, to finance all the projected railways, both French and German."

Meantime, British financiers were "already joining the scramble for concessions." The result of this scramble was (1) a series of contracts between British and German financiers, "witnessed" by representatives of the governments; (2) the Anglo-Turkish convention of 1913; (3) the Anglo-German draft treaty of 1914. The substance of these arrangements was (1) interests represented by Lord Inchcape were given monopolistic privileges in Mesopotamian river navigation; (2) interests of the British-owned Smyrna-Aidin Railway were safeguarded; (3) oil rights in Mesopotamia from Mosul to Bagdad were conferred upon the Anglo-German syndicate known as the Turkish Petroleum Company; (4) the British control of the Sheik of Koweit was recognized, and the terminus of the Bagdad Railway was to be Basra, without privilege of extension to the Persian Gulf except with the consent of the British Government; (5) Great Britain withdrew further opposition to the construction of the Bagdad Railway. These arrangements, including the draft treaty, were formally ready when the war broke out.

One thing which stands out is that the scramble for Turkey was no clear-cut struggle between Triple Entente and Triple Alliance with opposing political objectives, although, toward the end, this aspect of the struggle becomes more important. It was rather a struggle between the financial interests of the different countries, backed by their respective governments, all seeking the same objective—the exploitation of Turkey for private gain. The interests of the taxpayers in Turkey and in Europe were apparently thought to be negligible. From the point of view of British "interests," Mr. Earle thinks that the refusal of Great Britain to accept the German proposals of 1903 was a "colossal blunder." The project, he says, would have internationalized the Bagdad Railway, and the "Entente of 1904 with France would have taken the control of the enterprise out of the hands of the Germans." It may be so. But this was the time, as Eckhardtstein assures us, when Great Britain was seeking a German alliance. If the Bagdad Railway project had gone through, is it not conceivable that some kind of Anglo-German entente might have been arranged? In which case the Anglo-French entente might not have come off. But the "ifs" of history are unknown quantities.

CARL BECKER

A Gift to America

From Immigrant to Inventor. By Michael Pupin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

THIS book has been intended evidently as a record of the Americanization of Michael Pupin. Instead it turns out to be a record of the Pupinization of America, at least in the fields of invention, physical research, and study of natural phenomena. This vast, rich, self-satisfied country of one hundred per cent Americans has been compelled by the genius and persistency of Mr. Pupin to accept his methods and his conclusions and to act upon them. His observations as a boy-herdsman on the pasture lands of old Serbia are now incorporated in appliances which are used all over the world in sound transmission. It is because Mr. Pupin has contributed vastly more to America than America has contributed to him, that his book is so entirely different from similar books by immigrants who have succeeded. The latter always love America for what it has given them; Mr. Pupin loves his new country with the love of a giver. It is a fascinating story and a more stimulating argument in the debate on immigration than any other I know.

Mr. Pupin was born in the Serbian village of Idwor to a silent and sturdy peasant father and to a highly intelligent, though illiterate, peasant mother. This peasant woman whose somber picture fills the pages of her son's book knew more about the real value of science and religion than many a learned dean, and however indifferent one may be toward religion he must be impressed by the kind of religion which Olympiada Pupin transmitted to her son. This is a religion based not on dogma but on a deep cosmic yearning for the understanding of the world and of life, and when this yearning met with conditions of modern life in the surroundings of a new world and in contact with the truths of modern science, it became an active force for the study and solution of the problems of nature.

While guarding the precious oxen of his native village from the cattle thieves of a neighboring Rumanian village, the little Serbian boy observed that the best signaling is effected through the ground and that the harder the ground the more audible the signal. Most of Mr. Pupin's book is occupied with the fascinating story of how this simple observation led him to his inventions in the field of sound transmission, and, as a story of the metamorphosis of an observation, it has few equals in the biographical literature of the world. Mr. Pupin brought with him from his native land a sense of reality, a love for observation, and a devotion to truth of which he found little in the academic circles of this country. He was destined to be one of the first to establish the study of nature and nature's laws in American universities on a basis of research rather than on one of books and abstract formula. In this as in many other activities of his mind he very naturally met with the opposition of tradition and dogma. When a boy he was in danger of being declared a heretic because of his recital of Benjamin Franklin's experiments with a kite and a key for the purpose of discovering the nature of lightning. Many years later he was told by a very influential witch-hunter that his advocacy of the use of the alternating electric current in the distribution of electricity was detrimental to the interests of the electrical industry which had adapted itself to the direct current and that for this reason he had better resign his professorship. Mr. Pupin knew better and today both the direct and the alternating current are used in all electrical activities.

It would seem that the education which Michael Pupin, now of Columbia University, received as a boy in the village of Idwor and the adjacent town of Panchevo contained elements of higher value and greater worth than the education of the average boy in this country. Was it the fervent love of his mother for the eternal truth? Was it the song of the stars which watched over him during his long vigils beside the village cattle and imbued him with the greatness and sweetness of cosmic laws? Was it that he was not an average boy and that his mind had been

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sharpened and refined by the struggles and hardships of a peasant boy in an oppressed but not subdued fatherland? No one can tell. But we can be grateful to Mr. Pupin for proving that achievements in science are important to one's happiness and growth. Ironically enough, under the present immigration laws Mr. Pupin could never have entered this country. He had only five cents, a suit of clothes on his back, and a Turkish fez when he landed at Castle Garden in 1874. Then, too, the Serbian quota might have been exhausted.

B. CHARNEY VLADECK

Sea Foam

The Lookoutman. By David W. Bone. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

Sailor Town Days. By C. Fox Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

HERE are two glimpses of the sea: one that of a deep-water skipper from the bridge, or as he prefers, more modestly, to phrase it, "a view of ships and seafaring as seen from the deep-water viewpoint of a man on lookout"; the other that of a salt-water enthusiast regarding the sea wistfully from the shore. Skipper Bone gives us the sea from the sea; Mr. Smith gives us the sea by way of that "amphibious country" known as Dockland or Sailor Town, which "the world over is a realm apart," one that everywhere has a certain cosmopolitan likeness because it takes its character from that universal trade which seafaring is.

"The Lookoutman" is not such another volume as "The Brassbounder," which was the author's story of his own initiation into sea life and will doubtless always remain his best writing. At the same time the new book is considerably more than the survey which it purports to be of the principal types of craft now afloat; it is a description beguilingly briny with salt air yet tempered with the restraint of professional knowledge and experience. The author of "Sailor Town Days," on the other hand, approaches his subject with a strictly amateur attitude, devoting most of his pages to lore of the sea as reflected in the marvelous waterfronts of London and Liverpool. There is affection, observation, and knowledge in his chapters, but the amateur attitude leads him, like so many others writing from that standpoint, to a too sentimental insistence upon those aspects of seafaring which are past or passing and too little appreciation of the newer forms. True, he is not so immersed in the age-long poetry of sailing craft as to deny beauty to the steamship, but he refuses to admire the ocean giants of most recent design. "Had I all the wealth of the movies," he declares, "I would not spend some hundreds of it on a suite in one of these bloated, lumbering floating hotels and paradises for profiteers, which cannot berth without a swarm of tugs to haul them about, and wallow as helplessly as stranded turtles on the slightest provocation. Of their magnificence I say nothing; as ships I maintain that they are, and always will be, atrocities."

Skipper Bone is more professional and more generous. He too deprecates the tendency so to construct the interior of the great liners that they lose their character as ships and become only an extension of the land to the sea; but in a chapter devoted especially to the world's ten biggest steamships—all over 25,000 tons—he notes that in addition to Persian rugs and ormolu fittings one finds wonderful safety devices and navigational equipment: automatic fire alarms, water-tight doors operated from the bridge, motor sounding machines, stability indicators, gyroscope compasses not subject to deviation, hydrophones bringing the warning of submarine bells from a distance, direction finders, and radio apparatus.

"We like him [the passenger] to have his electric elevators and marble baths," Skipper Bone decides, "for has he not assured us, the sailors, a comfort and safety that, without his assistance, would perhaps be overdue?" Again, viewed strictly as ships and subjected to a sailor's tests, these enormous vessels more than pass muster. "Has she good power? Does she steer well and easily? Is she reliable and tractable in the great testing seas of an Atlantic hurricane? Is there assurance of quick and precise response to a sudden demand in maneuver? Power, strength, stability—in a word, seaworthiness is the quality to arouse our enthusiasm, and our ocean sovereigns are seaworthy above all. They make their regal progress across the oceans with about the exactitude of a rail-bound express; the worst that wind or sea can do holds little to be feared by them; they come and go on their appointed schedules, dignified, precise, powerful, compelling the homage of lesser craft."

Yet for his ideal of a "pure-bred steamship" Skipper Bone deserts the Atlantic Ocean and picks the 3,053-ton Anglia of the Holyhead-Dublin cross-channel service. "To my eyes she is the most beautiful mercantile steamship afloat. . . . Her masts and funnels are spaced apart at distances that are proportionate to the height of the hull above water (a becoming arrangement that is rarely possible in the very large vessels) and she has no multiple range of decks and vertical erections to confuse the vision by a checked and serrated perspective."

Finally, Skipper Bone's professional attitude enables him to foresee (and accept) the impending passing of the steamship for the motor ship—the vessel in which oil is converted directly into power in an internal-combustion engine without the intermediary of furnaces and steam. The motor ship is already with us—destined to bring strange changes to those who go down to the sea in ships as also to those who merely regard them from the shore. The oil-burning steamship has already destroyed the tradition of ten years ago that the vessel of high pedigree must have three or four smoke-stacks; it has reduced the number to one or two. Now the motor ship is about to banish altogether the smoke-stack, with its trailing cloud of black in the heavens, removing from the sea a mark as distinctive of the age of steam as were towering masts and billowing canvas of the age of sail.

ARTHUR WARNER

The Background of Literature

Midwest Portraits. A Book of Memories and Friendships. By Harry Hansen. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. HANSEN has written a most excellent kind of book. He is quite right in his philosophic indifference as to the ultimate literary fate of the figures he describes. These men are living deeply and characteristically and expressing a section, a country, an age to itself. Their human fates and gestures and the tale of the soil whence they sprang and the air they breathed have the perennial interest of things profoundly and articulately human. Schlogl's in Chicago is no Mermaid Tavern. Yet no one whose good fortune it has been to sit and eat and drink there but once with some of the company that Mr. Hansen describes can fail to feel that from here, too, if there has been, perhaps, too little traffic with the stars, there has been traffic with the earth and the winds and the causes of things and the eternal effort of the shaping mind.

It is well, too, that Mr. Hansen has not quite confined himself to the chief figures of his city and his movement, but has mentioned, at least, minor figures, figures related to literature sometimes only through intelligence and appreciation and a certain creative intrepidity of life. For these are as necessary to any rich literary movement as the actual writers themselves and are often, in the perspective of time, almost as significant and quite as delightful. I hope, therefore, that he will not cease chronicling with this volume and that he will be even bolder in setting down the human, even the apparently trivial. From such records as his or as F. P. A.'s imitation of Pepys or Burton Rascoe's "Bookman's Daybook" those who come after us will learn what we were like and we, in the inevitable days of age to come, will have a source of both knowledge and pleasure. We are thus getting our own Pepys's and Henry Crabb Robin-

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sons. And there is this to be said for our diarists and intimate chroniclers, that they are utterly without the drop of poison that often embitters the personal accounts of former periods.

Mr. Hansen's execution is unequal. His first chapter, Of an Ancient Tavern, is an uncommonly limpid and agreeable piece of writing. In his actual accounts of Sandburg and Anderson and Masters and the others he alternates between a terse simplicity of statement and vague Babbittish *clichés* in which he cannot himself quite believe. Thus he tells us on the one hand that Sherwood Anderson is a man "who gathered into himself all the torment of life" and, on the other, that Carl Sandburg's first volume of verse had a "clean outlook."

Of the actual portraits those of Sandburg and Anderson are not only the longest but the most interesting. We have here, as we have also in Dreiser, something in literature that is, if not new in its origin, new in its development. Sandburg once drove a milk-wagon; Anderson was, during several years, a common laborer. Artists have had such beginnings before, Keats, for instance, and Hebbel. But these Europeans strove, almost from the beginning, to rise out of their early environment intellectually and to connect themselves by instruction and reflection with the central literary and philosophical traditions of Western civilization. Keats became ardently Hellenic; Hebbel developed his dramatic theories by an appeal to Plato and Hegel. Sandburg, Anderson, Dreiser have been content to remain in the deepest sense of the American peasantry from which they sprang. They want, of course, to turn a stream of fresh ideas upon their land and people. They will sit, like Dreiser, cursing and blaspheming against the intolerable stupidity of their folk. But they do not, by an acquired and aristocratic culture, seek to remove themselves from that folk. Hating it, they remain of it. Something of the spirit of Whitman, something of a new way of conceiving of both life and literature is undoubtedly here. And it is truly an American way. A great way, too, irrespective of the momentary aesthetic perfection or imperfection of this or that product, if it can indeed be summed up in some such excellent way as Mr. Hansen sums up the basic attitude of Sherwood Anderson: "He was trying to apply his philosophy that life is not a mean thing to be tamed and held to hard and fast canons, but a beautiful wild thing of ecstasies and dreams, something that must be lived deeply to be understood." And that attitude and that conclusion is, curiously enough, nor in such very different phrasing, the attitude and the conclusion of Faust, of Goethe, of whom Mr. Anderson probably knows little or nothing. So that the spirit of creative freedom is found to be the same by men coming from different ends of both the physical and the spiritual world, and this Mid-Western peasant movement in American literature allies itself naturally and hearteningly with the wisdom of the great sages of the past.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

A Shavian Sacrifice

The Sacrificial Goat. By Ernita Lascelles. Boni and Liveright. $2.

THE most astonishing fact about The Sacrificial Goat is that it is a first novel. The virtuosity of the writing, the ease with which fullbodied characters (in a limited milieu, it is true) are made to express individuality, the witty dialogue, the easy mastery with which Miss Lascelles wields the baton over her ensemble—all acquit the writer of the offense of being a novice. Indeed, impeccable as is her craftsmanship, one misses the quickening of the tempo, the cry in the dark, the aspiration to untried heights that mark the achievement we call a promise in our younger novelists. The pains of spiritual growth, the epic struggle of youth to reconcile life to principle, the falterings on the wayside are, for Miss Lascelles, occasions only for sharp and mirthless ridicule and veiled contempt, pity being discarded as démodé in a modern novelist. She does not permit herself to sanction an uninterrupted rapture. The bubble must be pricked. Miss Lascelles is tireless in paradox, unwearied in her flashings—even if they be only in the pan—and as cerebral as only a pamphleteer turned novelist can be.

Perhaps that is why The Sacrificial Goat is called a Shavian novel. Apart from the fact that the best lines in it—Shavian to the core—are assigned to Edward Moreby, who is made to act and talk in a manner that we instinctively associate with Shaw in his salad days, the entire treatment of the novel is Shavian. It is sincerely so, for Miss Lascelles does not imitate; having naturally inhaled Shaw, she as naturally exhales him in Moreby, no inconsiderable part of the book.

The plot is based on the too familiar triangle, with Joan Candler as the wife, David Tasker the husband, and Edward Moreby the pursuer and pursued, and with a supporting cast of divergent types that would give verisimilitude to a richer and more original conception. It is in the picture she draws of David Tasker that the pamphleteer in Miss Lascelles emerges. Somewhat in the character of a feminist Shavian, she grips David and pushes him into the faces of her readers as the quintessence of male illusion and fit subject for the liberated woman's mockery. David and Joan meet as members of a provincial company and marry at the end of the tour. David, a feeble poseur, is rendered somewhat too pitiable for acceptance, and in the battle with Moreby is simply extinguished, except in a muscular conflict, to which Miss Lascelles succeeds in giving a total effect of unreality. The assumed love between Joan and Moreby seems too cerebral for credence. Joan, become a successful actress and something of a social favorite, succeeds in putting her husband out of the picture altogether. He returns, blown to London from New Zealand—whither he had gone to make a home "away from it all"—by gusts of jealousy, and finds her yet his, Moreby having virtually repulsed her. And Miss Lascelles leaves her puppets locked in embrace, with the tart and inconclusive comment: "Well, well! Poor devils."

HARRY SALPETER

Victoria's Laureate

Tennyson. Aspects of His Life, Character and Poetry. By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

TO admire the eminent Victorians is no longer to court reproach; to sneer at them is a slightly outmoded convention—the attitude "dates" a man. Mr. Nicolson is, as he admits, a product of "our scavenger age," and is therefore in no position to blame Tennyson for being a product of *his* age; yet he cannot quite forgive him for not escaping the faults of the mid-nineteenth century, when matrimony was regarded as a sacrament, the church was a divine institution menaced by atheistic or agnostic science, and the British Empire was an institution hardly less divine. In choosing this subject for the exercise of his critical talents he has made himself a Balaam, for though he apparently came to curse he has, on the whole and with certain restrictions, stayed to bless. His book would have been better had he taken to heart the wise words lately uttered by Mr. A. C. Bradley to the effect that to be incapable of enjoying poetry because the poet's opinions and ideas are not ours is "an altogether perverse attitude toward poetry, or, for that matter, any other product of imagination." Judged by such a standard where would Dante be? Where Duccio? Botticelli? Palestrina? Shelley? Perhaps the Victorian era is still too near us to permit of criticism of its greatest poet untrammeled by dislike of the characteristics of Victorianism. The act of faith by which when reading Dante we become fourteenth-century Florentines, when hearing Palestrina Tridentine Catholics, and when reading Shelley Godwinian revolutionists, is an irksome task when we turn to Tennyson. The Victorian garments sit uneasily upon us. Yet for the nonce we must adopt the poet's thoughts and emotions, must look at life—at morals and politics and science and religion—from his point of view. This Mr. Nicolson has not done; there has been no "will-

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ing suspension of disbelief." He divorces the poet from his time; blesses the one and condemns the other.

As one result of this unnatural severance his book presents us with a vast and yawning lacuna; the Tennyson of the middle years, of Farringford, of the domestic poems and the "Idylls of the King" appears before us as no more than an insubstantial ghost. Alas for this gray shadow, once a man! The critic actually and deliberately ignores the Arthurian cycle; he thinks it fairer and wiser "to leave this period for the judgment of future generations." Yet he recognizes "the magnificent poetry which the 'Idylls' contain." Surely this is the *gran refuto* of Tennysonian criticism. The "Idylls" are, on the whole, a failure, and are likely to be judged a failure when the age in which they were written has sunk into the remote past; but the failure is one that should be inquired into on aesthetic and poetic grounds. The mere current ideas that have been woven into the texture of the poems have nothing to do with the matter. We do not all subscribe to the doctrines embodied in St. Bernard's hymn to the Virgin; but we all recognize the supreme poetry of the last canto of the "Paradiso." Moreover this abrupt and unphilosophical dismissal of the work of Tennyson's middle period produces a curious effect from the biographical point of view, an effect which it is difficult to describe. Tennyson seems suddenly to become old. At one moment he is young, unknown (or known only to be ridiculed), introspective, melancholy, mystic, glooming upon the Lincolnshire fens or haunting dim and noisome London taverns, wreathed in tobacco smoke. We turn the page, as it were, and find him illustrious, complacent, visited by the nobility, bothered by tourists, wreathed in a somewhat tinsel majesty. How the change came about is not made very clear. In particular the "ten silent years" between 1832 and 1842 remain almost as much a blank, almost as open a field for speculation, as the "seven silent years" of another and greater English poet.

The attempt to separate Tennyson and his age results, however, in another and more welcome contrast: the contrast between Tennyson the lyric and mystic poet and Tennyson the voice and "prophet" of his period. All that is excellent in his verse Mr. Nicolson attributes to the former; all that is complacent, ephemeral, optimistic, domestic, in the nature of a compromise—Victorian, in a word—to the latter. The greater Tennyson appears in much of his earlier work; in the earlier sections of "In Memoriam"; in the songs in "The Princess"; in "Maud" (where the old genius again flamed out); and it reappears in some of the work of his old age. The lesser Tennyson held undisputed sway over the "reading public" and over his own genius during the years, roughly, between 1860 and 1880. Mr. Nicolson considers that in his views of sex and of politics Tennyson reached an unworkable compromise, characteristic of his time; whereas in his religious opinions he inquired far more profoundly and was more at one with the genius of his earlier years. For the change from "the black, unhappy mystic of the Lincolnshire wolds" to "the prosperous Isle of Wight Victorian" Mr. Nicolson blames the Cambridge group of "the Apostles" who first inculcated in Tennyson the doctrine of the poet's "mission" and convinced him that it was his business to guide and to teach. His knowledge of Shelley's failures and Keats's triumphs should have taught him better; but for better or worse the apostolic doctrine fastened itself upon him and shaped much of his later verse. When free of it he could write "Ulysses" and "Tithonus," "The Bugle Song" and "Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white." Burdened with the Wordsworthian duty to shed benignant influence upon his fellow-men he could but accomplish such things as "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field."

Following in the steps of the late Thomas R. Lounsbury Mr. Nicolson has accomplished some admirable pages on the subject of contemporary criticism of Tennyson; it may surprise some Georgians to learn to what an extent their strictures were anticipated sixty years ago. The critic is genuinely moved to enthusiasm in dealing with aspects of Tennyson's art. He has drawn a convincing and on the whole sympathetic portrait of the solitary brooding young poet and of the majestic figure of the last years at Aldworth. The "scavenger work" has been exercised mostly upon the central period; and the scattered sneers and deprecatory remarks are generally pardonable for the neatness with which they are turned. One may forgive much in the critic who does not stoop to deride Tennyson's love for Hallam and who delights in the lyric triumphs of his inspiration. The portrait that is finally achieved is that of a great personality and a great genius; more imposing, more majestic than, perhaps, Mr. Nicolson intended or quite realizes.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Children and Gentle Beasts

A Century of Children's Books. By Florence V. Barry. George H. Doran Company. $2.

The Story of Mrs. Tubbs. Dr. Dolittle's Post Office. By Hugh Lofting. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25. $2.50.

The Kitchen Porch. By George Philip Krapp. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Knee-High to a Grasshopper. By Anne and Dillwyn Parrish. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MISS BARRY'S account of children's books begins at a time when Cinderella and Robin Hood and Goody Two-Shoes were names as yet unspoken. And it would probably astonish children who regard those names as somehow associated with the foundations of the world to hear how recent that time was. In the middle of the seventeenth century children's books were still moral, instructive, and grave; for example, the "Token for Children," containing "an exact account of the conversion, holy and exemplary lives and joyful deaths of several young children," or the "Wyse Chylde of Thre Year Old," who was not at a loss when asked: "Sage enfaunt, how is the skye made?" Even in those days there was the "Gesta Romanorum" and Aesop; but until "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels"—none of them really intended for children by their authors—children were compelled to be quietly edified rather than amused. Miss Barry has told her story with possibly too much detail and unfortunately has omitted an index, but it is a valuable record of various theories of education and their effects on juvenile literature. She does not, however, clear up the mystery of Mother Goose, and until that is done the last, last word will not have been said on the subject.

Without apparent theory, moral purpose, or a desire to be instructive, Hugh Lofting has proceeded joyfully to the making of literature. In this third volume of the admirable Dr. Dolittle's adventures, and in "The Story of Mrs. Tubbs," a shorter story for smaller children, he has added to that rare list of juvenilia which includes Alice and her companions. Like Alice, Dr. Dolittle's friends are animals, and such animals: Dab-Dab, the accomplished duck housekeeper; Gub-Gub, the appealingly greedy little pig, and Speedy the Skimmer, the swallow who almost succeeds in annihilating time and space. Their adventure this time is a bird post office on a house-boat just off the coast of Africa, where tea is served every afternoon with cucumber sandwiches on Sundays, and where care is taken to provide the very best pens to write with because, of course, post-office pens are usually so bad. The enterprise is uncommonly successful, as anyone might have foreseen; "the post-office safe could hardly hold all the money taken in and the overflow had to be put in a vase on the kitchen mantelpiece." The book is filled with excellent suggestions for householders: pincushions served with the fish, for example, to stick your fish bones in instead of having them spread along the edge of your plate, and a speaking tube which leads to the open-air outside, into which any conversation, imperative but hardly suitable for the table, can be spoken. A thoroughly delectable book, in short, and rendered more so by the illustrations, done

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Persian Letters. By Montesquieu. Translated by John Davidson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

"Translations," said Montesquieu, "are like copper money, which have quite the same value as a gold piece, and are even of greater use among the people; but they are base coin and always light." Mr. Davidson has not been deterred in his endeavor by this comparison, however, and has accomplished his

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task with care and competence. The book includes a valuable introductory sketch of Montesquieu's life, and adds another volume to the diversified—but curiously named—Broadway Translations.

Famous Single Poems and the Controversies Which have Raged about Them. By Burton E. Stevenson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

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Drama

Eleonora Duse

EVERYTHING was against the great Italian actress. The dice could not have been more heavily loaded. Far more heavily, in all likelihood, than she dreamed. Ibsen's frugal Norse in Italian! Two incommensurable worlds of the soul, even of nature. "Fiordi" . . . I heard the lapping of the Tyrrhene wave. "Amore . . . liberamente . . ." No, Ellida Wangel, the Lady from the Sea, knew nothing of the connotation of those words. "Amore" may be magnificent. It has neither yearning nor reverence. Those are of the North. The very gesture of an Italian hand drenches the scene in an atmosphere that turns the gray and silver and faint dawn glints of Ibsen into a rich and alien glow.

The actors who supported Signora Duse showed, with one exception, no sense even of the insurmountable difficulty that faced them. One, Memo Benassi, who impressed certain local critics, acted almost like a tenor. I expected him to break out into the famous sobbing aria from "I Pagliacci." He should have had a romantic cloak. Alfredo Robert as Wangel was obtuse in a South European and shopkeeping kind of way. The one was operatic; the other had wandered upon this scene from some Latin comedy in which he was deceived and beaten.

All this, against a most indifferent and mechanical scenic background, on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. An intimate theater play, badly acted in a foreign language—here! The thing was preposterous. It was not art. It was a peep-show. "Ten dollars and down, ladies and gentlemen, to get a peep at the great Duse, the illustrious Italian actress whose tragic adventures have been rumored over half the world and who probably will never be seen again! Your last chance, ladies and gentlemen, positively your last chance!" No "barker" at a county fair could have put it more plainly. And the great crowd came and each paid his money to take the peep, and Mr. Morris Gest took in more dollars than had ever been taken in for a single theatrical performance since the world began. Yes, literally, since the world began.

I had said all that to myself. And it was all true. Also, I had never before seen Eleonora Duse and the unanimity of the Duse legend had filled me with cool skepticism as a unanimous legend always does. And then—then she appeared. A very fragile, almost wraith-like, quite white-haired lady of sixty-four. She uses, as is well-known, no make-up. If you sat near enough the stage you could see the wrinkles on her emaciated cheek and throat and hands. But she sat, bending forward, playing with her sun-shade as though she were quite alone—oh, immeasurably removed from that huge, gaping crowd; she smiled and the smile was a little plaintive and yet it had in it all of youth, both the bloom and the pathos of youth. She moved about; she leaned her head against a pillar; she leaned it against her arm. What was it that, against one's will or almost against one's will, irrevocably persuaded one to join those other plaudits that were given to fame, alas, rather than to art?

She unites in every gesture and every intonation the highest distinction with the utmost simplicity. If I were to describe her art in the ordinary verbiage I should say that its method is soundly realistic. And that would be quite true. Nor is there any conscious stylization. Signora Duse intends, I believe, to be delicately and soberly veracious. What she adds is her inimitable grace. It is a classical grace, a Latin grace. It is the spirit of simplicity and restraint which, without undue sadness or austerity, we find in the noblest of Latin verses. She is—I use the phrase advisedly—a tragic muse. Her mask is very human; it is not distorted by pain; it is spiritualized and grave and sometimes full of woe. It is always noble. Eleonora Duse does not yearn after beauty. That is Ibsen; that is of the North. She possesses beauty. Her acting is perfect as the verse of Vergil is perfect. And that perfection is an easy one because it inheres in her personality, in her inmost self. Her associates are florid, Italianate. If she is like Vergil, they are like Ariosto.

She, of course, does not act Ibsen either. She is not Ellida Wangel. Neither, however, is she merely herself. She has universalized her inner tragedy and I dare swear that the same essence will reach one from her whatever role she plays. She has the grace of autumn in an Italian garden. The landscape is a little somber. Laughter and love have fled. Winter is coming; youth whose very sorrows are triumphant is no more. A draped statue, severely beautiful, restrainedly melancholy, stands near a pool. Bronzed leaves cover the surface of the water. Against the base of the statue leans a figure in a simple drapery of blue. It is Eleonora Duse. The sadness, the irrevocableness, the tragic beauty of life are written on her forehead, expressed in her posture. She demands nothing, yearns for nothing now, hopes for nothing. She possesses beauty. She possesses a sovereign sadness. It is her ultimate gift.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Oskar Jaszi and Other "Traitors"

By EMIL LENGYEL

IT may not be known in America that among the reactionary countries of Europe Hungary furnishes the greatest number of political émigrés. Tens of thousands of professionals as well as laborers fled to the neighboring countries rather than submit to the autocracy of Admiral Horthy and Captain Gömbös. To give an idea of the number and the intellectual qualities of the émigrés it should be mentioned that in Vienna alone they have eight papers of their own, two of which are dailies. Another characteristic fact of the emigration is that the number of books printed in the Hungarian language, treating political subjects, published in Vienna, exceeds by far the number of books of the same kind published in the capital of Hungary. A glance at the names of the émigrés suffices to show that the list includes some of the representative men of science and letters, who are not unknown beyond the boundaries of their country. Foremost among them ranks Dr. Oskar Jaszi, professor at the Budapest University, Hungary's most prominent sociologist, who is at present on a tour of lecture and study in the United States. Hungary's greatest philosopher, Professor Bernhard Alexander, lives in exile, too, as well as Professor Tibor Peterfy, internationally known authority in anatomy; Louis Biro, author of the "Tzarina," Alexander Brody, author of "Liza Timar," and Baron Hatvany-Deutsch, one of Hungary's foremost journalists. Among the prominent politicians are Count Michael Karolyi, former president of the Hungarian republic, Erno Garami, former leader of the right wing of the Hungarian Social Democratic Party, Martin Lovaszi, member of several cabinets, and the Right Rev. John Hock, popularly known as "father of Hungary's bloodless revolution."

As the press is muzzled in Hungary the papers of the émigrés undertook the task of supplying reliable news about the terroristic acts of the reactionaries to that part of the Hungarian public which they could reach. As the circulation of their papers is prohibited in Hungary proper they have to be smuggled into it. But their chief circulation is among those Hungarians who are living in the territories ceded by Hungary to the Succession States.

After a successful war of extermination upon the domestic liberal and democratic papers the Hungarian authorities tackled the much harder task of silencing those Hungarian papers that are published outside of the territory subject to Hungarian jurisdiction. In order to discredit these papers in the eyes of their readers it was found convenient to proceed along traditional lines and to indict for "high treason" those Hungarian émigrés who have been contributing articles about the white terror to the Hungarian papers published abroad.

This indictment was recently drawn up by Dr. G. Strache, "royal Hungarian chief prosecuting attorney," and was returned by the "judge of investigation," as is prescribed by the Hungarian laws. The indictment includes among others the name of Count Michael Karolyi (whose estates, it will be remembered, have already been confiscated on another charge of "high treason"), Professor Oskar Jaszi, Father John Hock, Baron Hatvany-Deutsch, Erno Garami, Martin Lovaszi, and covers articles printed for the most part in the leading paper of the Hungarian émigrés, the Vienna *Hungarian Gazette*, edited by Professor Jaszi.

This most recent attack of the Horthy-Gömbös system on liberal thought is an eloquent example of present-day Hungarian methods and deserves special notice on account of the diplomatic complications to which it gave rise. It may be seen from the following extract from the indictment that it refers to the states adjoining Hungary as the "enemy" states, a designation which is very often found in the vocabulary of Hungary's self-appointed rulers, side by side with "high treason" and "traitor."

After speaking of the "calumnies" of which Hungary was the innocent victim during pre-war times the indictment continues:

> We [the Hungarians] did not care much that the newspapers of the world devoted considerable space to complaints that a "minority," by which they meant the Hungarian race, oppressed cruelly the "national majorities" and that it was only the Hungarian reign of terror that prevented the falling to pieces of that artificial contraption called Hungary. Thus it came about that the Allies impudently adopted as one plank of their peace platform the dismemberment of Hungary which was actually effected through the Treaty of the Trianon. It can be determined, however, that up to the reply given by the Allies to the note of President Wilson of December 19, 1916, the dismemberment of Hungary had never been mentioned by them. The propaganda along these lines was and is being engineered mostly by the Czechs. The representatives of the Vienna Hungarian press are the mercenaries of this service of propaganda which menaces the very existence of Europe and, more particularly, that of Hungary.
>
> As the Hungarian émigrés have not sufficient means to operate their presses they are dependent upon the material assistance of the enemies of Hungary. Therefore it is their aim to convince the enemies of the Hungarian state that they are the only depositaries of that political thought which, if permitted to be translated into action, would enable the "victors of the Trianon" to enjoy the possession of their loot. The émigrés proclaim that if they were in power the Succession States would have no reason to be afraid of any complications arising from territorial questions, because they are not extreme "jingoes" but protagonists of the idea of reconciliation, conceived in the spirit of international democracy. Consequently, the basis of the political existence of the Vienna fugitives is their hatred against Hungary. Their interests are identical with those of the enemies of Hungary.
>
> The aims of the Vienna Hungarian press can be summed up as follows:
>
> It makes every effort to represent Hungary as a country constantly engaged in military preparations and conspiracies against the neighboring states. Furthermore, it represents Hungary as a country where life is insecure, a country the very existence of which is a danger to European civilization, so that, as a logical conclusion of these premises, international intervention would be an inevitable necessity. With their malevolent accounts about the white terror, the persecution of the laborers, and the attempts to restore the Hapsburgs to the Hungarian throne, they wish to provoke the disdain of the world toward Hungary, thus depriving her of the possibility of being the beneficiary of the moral support of the foreign nations.

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The newspaper articles signed by the defendants prove beyond controversy that the intention of their writers was to injure the credit and good name of Hungary abroad. That the articles were written with a view to induce foreign countries or organizations to commit hostile acts against the Hungarian nation is proved by those proclamations, addressed to foreign countries and organizations, which were published in the newspapers of the émigrés. The general tenor of these papers furnishes another evidence that they are in the service of that hostile propaganda whose aim it is to have the independence of Hungary crushed, its national existence annihilated, and to find some pretext of an armed intervention in Hungary.

On the basis of the foregoing the criminal intention of the defendants can be proved. The indictment is, therefore, justified. When considering the criminal responsibility of the defendants the provisions of the press law could not be applied, inasmuch as the validity of this law is restricted to press matters published on the territory of the Hungarian state.

The indignation of public opinion and the foreign offices of the states adjoining Hungary which were referred to as "enemy" states carrying on a "hostile" propaganda against Hungary compelled the Hungarian minister of justice to declare that he did not "identify himself with some parts of the explanation of the indictment" drawn up, by the way, by one of his subordinates, the chief prosecuting attorney. Despite this statement the wording of the indictment has not been changed so that its monstrous absurdities will form the basis of the criminal prosecution of the liberal émigrés.

As it seems unlikely that the persons indicted, who are living abroad, will present themselves at their trial, provision has been made to convict them in their absence.

How criminal processes of this type are handled in Hungary was recently illustrated by a trial which was held before the Hungarian Royal Tribunal at Budapest in the case of two "fugitives from justice," Father John Hock and Martin Lovaszi, in connection with a "criminal offense" similar to those mentioned in the indictment. Both of them contributed to the Chicago Hungarian weekly *Magyar Tribuna* articles about the white terror which, in the opinion of the prosecuting attorney, "were calculated to induce a foreign country to an armed intervention against Hungary." Translated into everyday language this means that the articles of Father Hock and Martin Lovaszi, published in a Chicago Hungarian weekly paper, had the purpose of inducing the Government of the United States to declare war on Hungary on account of the white terror prevailing there. The court, which apparently shared the opinion of the public prosecutor regarding America's belligerent intentions, convicted both defendants *in contumaciam*. The proceedings did not take more than an hour because the presiding judge declined to admit evidence on the part of the lawyers for the defendants proving the correctness of the statements of their clients concerning the excesses of the present regime. The refusal of the court was explained by the laconic pronouncement that "the assertions of the defendants are generally known to be untrue."

What happens when a "traitorous" journalist presents himself at his trial is shown by the outrageous sentence which sent Zoltan Szasz, one of Hungary's most respected journalists, to prison for four years. Zoltan Szasz, who is the author of several popular books, sprang into political prominence during the Hungarian bolshevist regime when, in a public speech, he very courageously attacked the terroristic methods of Bela Kun. Utterly dissatisfied with the equally terroristic methods of Messrs. Horthy and Gömbös he contributed a number of critical articles to one of the papers of the Vienna émigrés, the *Jovo*. After having been indicted for the articles, he returned from Vienna to Budapest and presented himself at the trial of his case. He was found guilty and sentenced in the first quarter of 1922 to two years in prison. He appealed to the higher court, which, setting aside the verdict of the lower court, sentenced him to four years in prison. He, too, was charged with having written articles which "might have provoked some foreign country to an armed intervention in Hungary."

This sentence, pronounced in September last, raised a storm of protest on the part of newspapers and journalistic organizations in many European countries. Scores of telegrams have been dispatched to Count Bethlen, Prime Minister of Hungary, asking him to extend amnesty to Szasz. In each case, however, the stereotype answer of the Premier has been that he cannot interfere with the verdict of the "independent" Hungarian bench. Learning from this lesson the Hungarian émigrés will keep out of the way of what is called in the succession states, "Horthy justice."

The End of Passive Resistance

THE text of the imperial proclamation announcing the end of passive resistance in the Ruhr, issued on September 26, 1923, was as follows:

To the German People!

On January 11 French and Belgian troops, in defiance of justice and of the treaty provisions, occupied the German territory of the Ruhr. Since then the Ruhr and Rhineland have had to suffer the severest tribulations. More than 180,000 men and women, old folks and children, have been driven from house and home; for millions of Germans the conception of personal freedom no longer exists. Countless acts of violence have accompanied the occupation. More than a hundred of our citizens have had to sacrifice their lives. Hundreds are still lying in prison. Justice and patriotic sentiment protest against the unrighteousness of this invasion. The population refuses to work under foreign bayonets. For this loyalty and devotion to the German Reich in its hardest days the entire German people is grateful. The Federal Government undertook to care for its suffering fellow-citizens to the extent of its resources. That has caused a constantly increasing drain upon the resources of the Reich. Last week the expenditures for relief in the Rhineland and Ruhr reached the sum of three and a half trillion marks. For the current week at least twice that amount will be required. The former production of the Rhineland and Ruhr has ceased. The life of occupied and unoccupied Germany has been thrown into confusion. There is a serious danger that continuance in the present policy will make it impossible to establish a sound currency, to maintain economic life, and to assure the mere existence of our people.

In the interest of the future of Germany as well as in the interest of the Rhineland and Ruhr this must be avoided. In order to maintain the life of the people and the state we must face the bitter necessity of ceasing the struggle. We know that this means a greater moral sacrifice by the people of the occupied region than we have hitherto asked. Their struggle has been heroic, their self-discipline unexampled. We shall never forget what those who have suffered in the occupied district have borne. We shall never forget what they have sacrificed who left their homes rather than violate their loyalty to the fatherland.

The principal task of the Federal Government is to see to it that the prisoners are set free and that those who have been deported return to their homes. The struggle for these elementary human rights stands above all economic and material

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considerations. Germany has declared herself ready to bear the severest material sacrifices for the freedom of her German citizens and the German soil. This freedom, however, cannot be made the object of bargaining and exchange. The President of the German Reich and the Federal Government give their solemn assurance to the German people and to the world that they will not give their consent to any agreement which detaches the smallest parcel of German soil from the German Reich. The responsibility lies upon the invading Powers and their Allies whether through recognition of this determination they will restore peace to Germany, or whether by refusing this peace they will precipitate the inevitable consequences of such a policy upon the relations of the peoples.

We call upon the German people in the coming days when their souls will be tried and they will suffer physically loyally to hold together. Only so can we defeat the efforts to destroy the Reich. Only so can we maintain the honor and life of the nation. Only so can we win back for her that freedom which is our inalienable right.

EBERT, President of the Reich
The Federal Government:
DR. STRESEMANN, V. RAUMER, SOLLMANN, SCHMIDT, DR. RADBRUCH, DR. HILFERDING, DR. GESSLER, OESER, FUCHS, DR. BRAUNS, DR. LUTHER, DR. HÖFLE

Berlin, September 26, 1923

Labor in Turkey

LIBERAL labor standards have been established by law in the new Turkish republic. The following regulations regarding work in the mines were printed in the *Swadesamitran* (Madras) for September 16:

1. Any person or company working the mines must construct, according to plans provided by the Ministry of Economics, houses, baths, fully equipped dispensaries, kitchens, schools, and mosques for their workmen and their children. Working clothes must also be provided.

2. All forced labor is forbidden. Children under 16 cannot be employed below the surface, and children under 13 cannot be employed at all.

3. Two per cent of the amount of the total salaries must be set aside by the mine-owners for the purpose of maintaining hospitals. This 2 per cent is, however, not to be deducted from the wages of the employees.

4. Free medical attention must be given to all employees injured or sick as a result of their duties. The hospitals must be supervised by a sanitary commission. Meals must be provided by the proprietor at a uniform price.

5. The working day is fixed at a maximum of eight hours with double rates of pay for overtime, which must be worked voluntarily.

6. In cases of non-payment of salaries the existing stocks of coal, and if necessary any other assets of the proprietor, can be seized and sold on behalf of the workmen.

Mexico in Russia

THE Rosta News Agency in its Peking bulletin of September 21 prints a dispatch from Moscow describing the visit of a Mexican delegation sent by the Mexican Government to the All-Russian Agricultural Exposition at Moscow described in the last issue of *The Nation*. It was led by Mr. Ballesteros, counselor of the Mexican Ministry of Agriculture and Public Welfare, who is quoted as follows:

"The Mexican Government," declared Mr. Ballesteros, "regrets very much that it could not, through lack of time, send exhibits of Mexican industry.

"Mexico has passed through the same hard experiences as Russia, and foreign interventionists have striven to enslave her just as they have tried to do with Russia. This common lot of both our countries has led the Mexican people to the study of the revolution and the post-revolutionary construction work of the new Russia."

The Mexican delegate further stated that within a very short time, he felt assured, his Government would send plenipotentiary representatives to negotiate with the Russian Government for the establishment of mutual relations.

"The attitude of Mexico toward the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics," remarked Mr. Ballesteros, "differs greatly from the aims and views of other countries with regard to the latter. While these countries, in their intercourse with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, pursue but their commercial aims and profits, Mexico wishes to be acquainted with the regime which has been established as the outcome of the social revolution."

Two Significant Cablegrams

THE following cablegrams to President Coolidge were recently printed in the *Courrier Haitien:*

(1)

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, Washington: The Haitian people, with the Constitution of 1918 in hand, go to the polls on January 10, 1924, in order to reestablish the legislative chambers and the legal existence of Haiti. The American Government will bear the whole responsibility for any consequences that may arise in case M. L. Borno seeks to oppose the exercise of the rights of the people.

(Signed) CITIZENS OF PORT AU PRINCE

(2)

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, Washington: Should the gendarmerie, commanded by American officers, act as the accomplices of M. Borno and oppose the peaceful manifestations of the Haitian people—parading through the streets, holding meetings in public places—by attacking and imprisoning the demonstrators, the American Government will have the entire responsibility for the bloodshed. The whole world is thus advised by cable.

(Signed) CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI

P.S.—These cablegrams have been sent to the American, French, and English press.

Now, armed with the Constitution of 1918 adopted by a plebiscite, let all the citizens go and register for the coming election.

One man cannot check a people of nearly three million.

Contributors to This Issue

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MAGDELEINE MARX is best known in this country as the author of "Woman," the only one of her novels which has been translated into English. In France she is known as one of the leaders in the *Clarté* group of disillusioned intellectuals, founded in 1918 by Henri Barbusse and other ex-service men. She has recently returned from a long visit to Soviet Russia.

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